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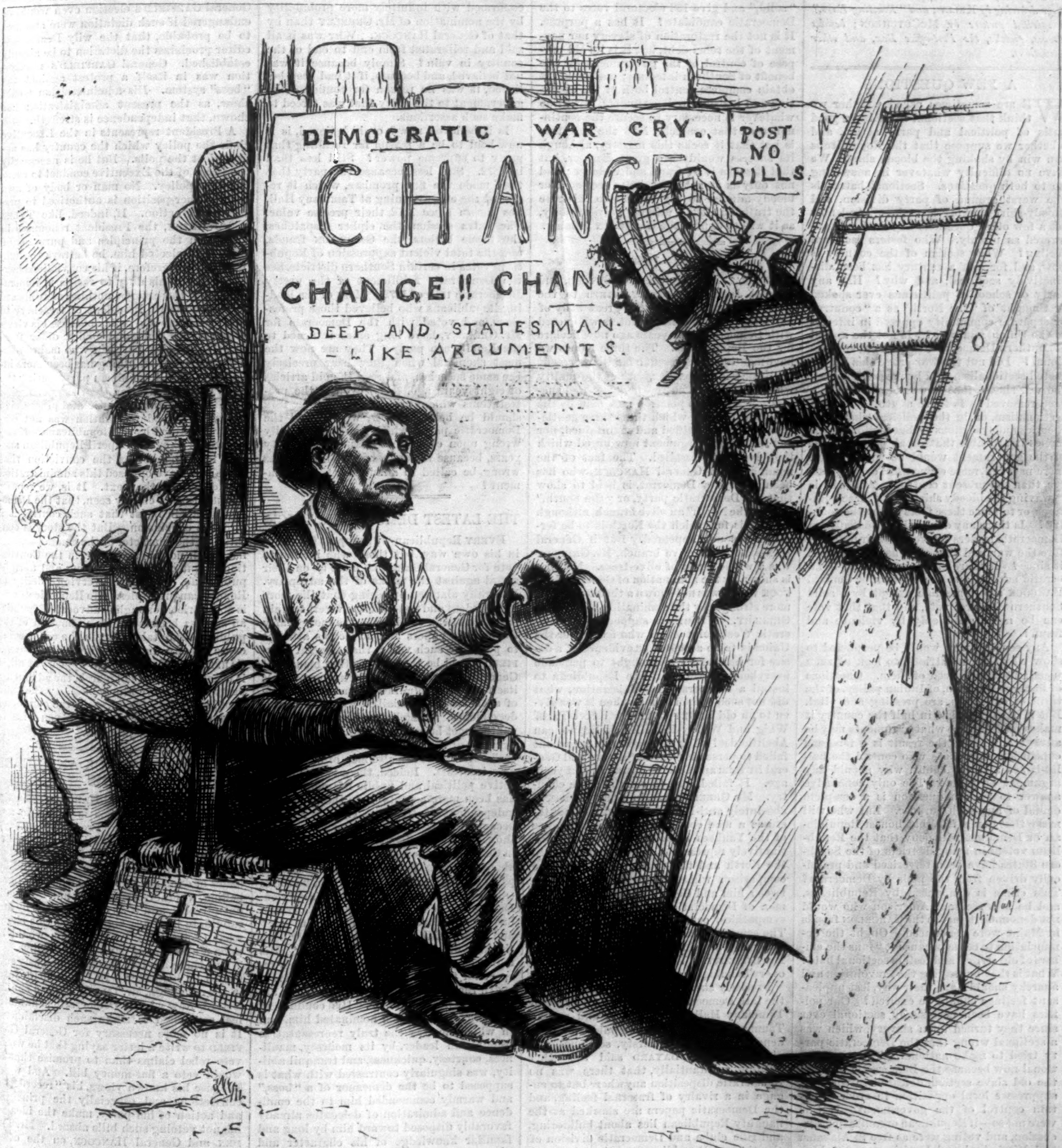

DEMOCRATIC WAR CRY..
CHANGE
CHANGE!! CHANG
DEEP AND, STATESMAN-
-LIKE ARGUMENTS.
POST NO BILLS
Th: Nast

WOMEN WILL NEVER BE STATESMEN.

PAT. "Where's the dinner?"
WIFE. "Ah! since ye've had stiddy wurrk, haven't ye had splindid dinners? and now yer always talking about change, change, change, and sure I thought I'd give ye wan."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 16, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 49, *issued October* 5, *contains "Hanging by a Thread," a thrilling story of the Canadian woods, by* David Ker, *illustrated by* Graham; *Chapter Four of* John Habberton's *story, "Who was Paul Grayson?" illustrated; the story of "Three Young Hawks," and the adventures that befell two boys while capturing them; "John Stark and the Indians," one of* C. C. Coffin's *"Old Times in the Colonies" stories, illustrated; "Lil's Fun," a story for Girls, by* Mrs. W. J. Hays; *the concluding chapter of* Emily Huntingdon Miller's *story entitled "Moonshiners," illustrated; "How to make a Steam-Engine out of a Tin Can," by the Professor, illustrated; "The Rivals," a full-page drawing by* Kelly; *and "Roasting Ears," a spirited picture by* McCutcheon; *besides poems, puzzles, the Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

A FEW QUESTIONS.

We are sometimes asked whether we think that sectional hatred is a good basis of political and party action, and whether we suppose that the Republicans can win by shaking the bloody shirt. We have no difficulty whatever in answering no to both questions. Sectional hatred is the worst ground of party division, and bloody-shirt shaking is useless. And now let a few other questions be asked and answered as plainly. Who fosters sectional feeling? What section of the country is now, and for half a century has been, distinctively sectional, and why? Has any party or school of politicians ever spoken or thought of "the North" as a "country" or separate community opposed in interest to the Union, and why? Is not the appeal of Southern Democrats always local and sectional? Did not the war prove this deeply rooted sectionalism, and has anything since the war shown that it was in the least degree removed? Is there anything in such sectionalism, or in the political character, theories, and traditions of that section, which makes it probable that its absolute control of the government would be wiser, juster, more national, more economical or progressive, than the present control? And why is it waving the bloody shirt to ask these questions, or to place these facts before the country? Is there any doubt that the Southern Democratic leaders controlled their party before the war, and that they have controlled it since? Is there any question that Democratic success and the election of General Hancock are impossible except by a solid Southern electoral vote, and that that vote can be made solid only by violence and fraud?

Any sensible man would be perplexed to show why it is unpatriotic to look at such facts, and to take heed of them. Questions of finance, of reform, of Indian policy, of the tariff, of education, are pressing and vital. But if it be true that in half the country it makes no difference what arguments may be advanced, because the result is a foregone conclusion with those who control the ballot-boxes and the count, why should any argument be made? The only conclusive answer to such a question is a complete denial of any such purpose. But who will make that denial? What honest Republican or Democrat will deny that the Republican voters in many districts of the Southern States have been terrorized and practically driven from the polls by Democrats? This crime is denounced by Republicans, and he is a recreant American who would not denounce it, just as the Garcelon frauds in Maine were denounced. Ought the denunciation to cease because it "fans the embers of old strife," and fosters sectional hate? What is that but saying that revolution and anarchy should have their way, lest unpleasant feelings should be excited? Our politics have been necessarily sectional ever since they turned upon slavery, which was a sectional wrong that the Democratic party tried to make national. They are sectional now because the Democratic party in the old slave section, defeated in the war, suppresses local opposition in order to obtain control of the government. If this were not so—if Republican organization, discussion, and voting were as free in Alabama and Mississippi and Louisiana and Arkansas and South Carolina as Democratic action is free in New York and Iowa and Massachusetts—there would be no other sectional question than that arising from competing industries.

All the censure of sectionalism implies that there is to be perfect freedom of choice and of voting everywhere in the country, that there is nothing to do but to hear the arguments and then decide. It implies that the Arkansas Republican may vote as freely as the Vermont Democrat. If this were so, we have no doubt Arkansas would be contested by the best Republican speakers in the country. Mere denunciation, indeed, whether of the North or the South, like merely blackguarding the other party, is despicable. But there can not be a more superficial, perilous, and unphilosophical view of politics than to assume that because there is no longer open war between the sections, there is no civil contest. Mr. Sumner fell into this error in 1872, when he said of remarks in some Democratic papers and of some Democratic orators respecting "the South" and its conduct, "On this open adhesion and these declarations I act, and to the complete fulfillment of all the obligations assumed I feel that I may confidently hold the party." If "the South," by which is meant the Democratic party of the Southern States, has no purpose, why does it violently suppress the Republican vote in order to make itself "solid," and give 138 electoral votes to the Democratic candidate? It has a purpose. It is not the restoration of slavery nor payment of the rebel debt, but it is its old purpose of control of the government for the benefit of Southern interests; and should it obtain complete control both of the executive and legislative departments, it will do whatever is necessary to secure the continuance of that control. Now the objection is not that it seeks this mastery, although its success would be a great disaster, but that it seeks it by fraud and violence; and not only is it not offensively sectional or bloody-minded to say so and to reiterate the truth, but it is a primary patriotic duty, as it was to expose the Garcelon villainy.

1872—1880.

General Sickles, General Butler, and Colonel John W. Forney return to the Democratic party, while the great body of patriotic and independent voters who voted with Democrats four years ago now declare for the Republicans. The three names we have mentioned represent a familiar element in all politics and parties, but not the quality which gives them power, progress, and success. There is no position now held by the Republican party which these three gentlemen have not justified and maintained, nor any Democratic argument now urged which they have not assailed. The fact of the nomination of General Hancock, who has been always a Democrat, is held to show that the Democratic party, or "the South," offers "the North" an olive branch, although what it is for which the North is to be forgiven has not appeared. But if General Hancock is an olive branch, Mr. Greeley was a whole forest of olive-trees. Nothing is shown by the nomination of General Hancock which was not shown a thousand times more strongly by the nomination of Horace Greeley. If Southern support of a Democratic West Point officer who fought for the Union is to be accepted as evidence of a desire for harmony which ought to persuade everybody to turn out the Republican to install a Democratic administration, what did not such support show when it was given to an old Henry Clay Protective-Tariff Whig and Woolly-Head Black Republican Abolitionist? Yet that powerful argument failed to persuade General Sickles and General Butler and Colonel Forney eight years ago. It failed, also, to convince the country. Mr. Greeley was, in a party sense, as absolutely anti-Democratic and anti-Southern as a man could be. He was a Yankee of the Yankees in every view, and he distinctively represented the contest between the North and the South. There was no comparison whatever in this respect between him and General Hancock, who is a man of Democratic and Southern political sympathies, connections, and convictions. The same argument of conciliation and harmony now urged for him was then urged for Mr. Greeley. Why is it that it was so overwhelmingly rejected by the country?

Precisely such speeches as were made at the late Democratic meeting in and around Tammany Hall were made in and around Tammany Hall in 1872. Republicans were denounced as blood-thirsty, sectional, and vindictive. Mr. Bayard said the other evening, substantially, that there was no Democratic disposition anywhere but to engage in a rivalry of fraternal feeling, and the Democratic papers are shocked at the naughty Republican lies about bulldozing, and rifle clubs, and Democratic division of the time at Republican meetings in South Carolina. We had all this in 1872. Horace Greeley said, "North and South are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies, in the joyful consciousness that they are, and must henceforth remain, brethren." In the same strain Mr. Hendricks said in that year, when he was nominated for Governor of Indiana: "We have this day substantially turned our backs upon the past. We now stand in the present, and look forward to the great future. The past is gone." Mr. Kerr, of Kentucky, subsequently Democratic Speaker of the House, said at the same time that the Democratic party accepted the constitutional amendments, "to be obeyed and maintained in good faith, without evasion, denial, or diminution, in favor of all classes of the people." He went on to denounce as a hypocrite and demagogue any one who should say that the Democratic party would restore slavery, or pay for slaves, or assume Confederate debts, or take the suffrage from colored men, or do any other wrong thing. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* said Amen with edifying solemnity. The Washington *Patriot*—strongest of Democratic sheets—declared that the party was pledged to this course in letter and in spirit. Mr. Bayard and his friends, the Democratic press and speakers, say nothing now which was not said very much more vehemently then, and it was all confirmed with infinitely more probability by the nomination of Mr. Greeley than by that of General Hancock. Why was it all said and reiterated from end to end of the country in vain? Simply because it was not believed, and because, if it had been believed, it was no reason for confiding the government to the party that was forced to make such assertions.

Is it believed now? or, if believed, is it now held to be a reason for recalling that party to supreme power? Still less than in 1872. Still less, because the party that then made the fine promises, which it repeated the other evening at Tammany Hall, has shown since 1872 their precise value. The extra session, the cipher dispatches, the tissue ballots, the Garcelon frauds, and the total violent suppression of Republican votes in certain Southern districts, are the Democratic fulfillment of the pretty Democratic talk of 1872. Most of the leading Republicans who believed those professions, and voted with the Democrats for Mr. Greeley, have long since returned to the Republican party. They are now the most skeptical when they hear precisely the same speeches, and read the old articles of eight years ago. And even if the protestations which were discredited in 1872 should be believed now, why should the Democratic party, which has been steadily wrong upon every great issue for twenty years, because it now confesses that it was wrong, be called to administer the government?

THE LATEST DEMOCRATIC TRICK.

Every Republican will support the cause in his own way, but those who incline to vote for General Garfield must be on their guard against the tricks of the adversary. Naturally alarmed by seeing that the more independent and non-partisan voters sustain the Republican candidates, the more crafty Democratic papers and advocates attempt to persuade such voters that General Garfield would be the tool of other men. Yet General Garfield's public life commends itself to the admiration and confidence of such voters especially because of his independence. Long before the Chicago Convention met he was the candidate preferred by many of the most intelligent "independent" voters, who are also men of large business interests. Indeed, there is no man in active political and public life who is and has been more acceptable to the peculiarly independent sentiment. This is natural, because this is the quality he has always shown, from the time that he took his seat in Congress at the end of 1863, where, within about a month, he voted alone against his party upon a war question—that of bounties—and Time very soon vindicated his opinion. During all the time that General Garfield has been a conspicuous Republican chief and leader of the House, he has never been the kind of leader known as a "boss." His manhood and self-respect, as well as his respect for the rights of others, instinctively spurn the character and the arts which are described by that name. His conduct in the Convention which nominated him, and in which he was the truly representative Republican leader, by its modesty, manliness, courtesy, quickness, and tranquil ability, was singularly contrasted with what is supposed to be the demeanor of a "boss," and warmly commended him to the confidence and admiration of delegates already favorably disposed toward him by long and familiar knowledge of his character and career.

It is a shallow trick to assume that such a man, if elected to the Chief Magistracy, would at once become a puppet. This, indeed, is not an improbable result in the case of General Hancock, because he is conspicuously and notoriously, and indeed professionally, unfamiliar with political life and methods and men, while General Garfield is a trained and experienced chief among them all. That a President will of course maintain pleasant relations with leading public men, so far as he can do so with proper independence and self-respect, is a truth which no man would more conspicuously illustrate than General Garfield in the White House. But if "bossing" upon the part of any public man, or surrender of settled convictions and purposes, be the price of friendly relations, such relations will certainly not be bought by General Garfield. To say that his administration would be ruined without it, is to forget that the present administration, which is one of the strongest arguments for Republican success in this campaign, not only has not been ruined, but has risen steadily in the confidence both of the party and of the country despite of and because of the open and angry hostility of some conspicuous Republicans. Indeed, the fact is exactly the other way. Not only would the Garfield administration be ruined by subserviency to the dictation of "bosses," but it is because General Garfield's election even would be endangered if such dictation were assumed to be probable, that the wily Democratic editor proclaims the dictation to be already established. General Garfield's nomination was in itself a protest against the "boss" system. His administration would show, as the present administration has shown, that independence is strength.

A President represents in the Executive chair the policy which the country has approved at the polls. But he is necessarily the judge of the Executive conduct to carry out that policy. No man or body of men in any other position is authorized to prescribe his action. If, indeed, like Tyler and Johnson, the President renounces in his action the principles and purposes of those who elected him, he betrays the majority, and therefore, if his convictions honestly change, his duty to resign is imperative. But there can be nothing more absurd than to accuse a President of treachery to party principle and policy because his views of party principle and policy differ from those of another partisan who makes himself an accuser. Nothing has been more injurious to the Republican party during the present administration than the persuasion that the wise and patriotic and progressive policy of the administration was not cordially sustained by all Republicans. Nothing would so surely imperil Republican success in November as the conviction that those who have opposed this administration would control the next. It is, we repeat, because that is clearly seen, that the Democratic papers insist that such control is a foregone conclusion. But the story is confuted by the character of the candidate, who has given no other pledges, in the Convention or out of it, than his long and upright public life, and his unswerving fidelity to Republican principles. No Republican who is not patriotic enough to advocate Republican success because of its promotion of the public welfare takes part in the canvass because of any understanding with General Garfield. If such a man appears at all, it is because if he did not march, the advancing party would leave him behind. "The train is off, my young friend," said the conductor to the hesitating boy, "and if you wish to go, you had better jump on."

GENERAL HANCOCK AND REBEL CLAIMS.

The letter of General Hancock upon the payment of rebel claims is emphatic and conclusive. "If I were President," he says, "I would veto all legislation which might come before me providing for the consideration or payment of claims of any kind for losses or damages by persons who were in rebellion, whether pardoned or not." This is unequivocal, and if any engagement by any candidate is of any significance, this shows what General Hancock's action would be upon a question of paying rebel claims.

But there are two remarks obviously suggested by his letter. In 1876, a little later in the campaign, Mr. Tilden wrote a similar letter. Now why do Democratic candidates feel compelled to make such disclaimers? It is no more necessary for General Garfield to write a letter saying that he would veto rebel claims than to promise that he would veto a fiat-money bill. And why? Because his known views, his "record," his convictions, and especially the principles and action of his party, make the idea of his not vetoing such bills absurd. Mr. Tilden and General Hancock, on the other hand, know the general apprehension that in the event of Democratic success such claims would be considered and paid, and they fear that it may defeat the party unless the plainest disclaimer is interposed. Now does this apprehension spring from the mere vociferation of Republican orators? Far from it. It arises from Democratic action. There are bills now pending in the

Senate to repeal the distinction in payment of claims between loyal and disloyal claimants. This shows the Democratic desire, and therefore it is necessary for the Democratic candidate to declare that he does not share it, or his acquiescence would be taken for granted. By no possibility could he have the opportunity to veto such a bill unless there were a Democratic Congress. General Hancock is protecting himself in advance against the possible action of his own party. He would not pay rebel claims, but a part of his party would, as their conduct proves. So General Hancock said in his letter of acceptance that all the amendments are inviolable, but the Meriden (Mississippi) *Mercury* says, "If they are wrong, and an impediment in the path of future progress of this great people, of this dominant race, the bayonet that put them there can not prop them to stand forever there." This is the sentiment of a powerful part of the party that supports General Hancock; and he was obliged to declare the amendments to be inviolable, and to oppose payment of rebel claims, because an important body of his party look askance at the amendments, and would pay the claims.

But, again, while there can be no question of General Hancock's view of rebel claims, nor any doubt of his action should occasion arise, does this furnish a sound reason for bringing the Democratic party into power? The whole scope of such an argument is that the Democrats would not probably pay rebel claims. But this is merely the ludicrous reasoning which we have more than once exposed, that the Democratic party ought to succeed because it will not probably ruin the country. That, however, is not the question. We do not wish to know which party will not ruin the country, but which, upon a fair survey of the existing situation, and of the party character and history, gives the best promise of securing progress and prosperity. The letter of General Hancock is part of the general defense which his party has undertaken in this campaign. But he and his supporters still fail to establish that because they would not attempt to destroy the government, they ought to control it.

DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that the letter of General Hancock to General Sherman of December 28, 1876, shows both a singular ignorance of law and a dangerous assumption of the right of officers of the army to decide the constitutionality of the laws, and their consequent duty of obedience. The passage which contains this remarkable doctrine is this:

> "Officers in command of troops often find it difficult to act wisely and safely when superiors in authority have different views of the law from theirs, and when legislation has sanctioned action seemingly in conflict with the fundamental law, and they generally defer to the known judgment of their superiors. Yet the superior officers of the army are so regarded in such crises, and are held to such responsibility, especially those at or near the head of it, that it is necessary on such momentous occasions to dare to determine for themselves what is lawful and what is not lawful under our system, if the military authorities should be invoked, as might possibly be the case, in such exceptional times, when there existed such divergent views as to the correct result."

This is an assertion that officers of the army may be obliged sometimes to decide upon the constitutionality of the acts of Congress as well as the lawfulness of the orders of their superiors. If this be true, the officers must also judge when the necessity of such decision has arisen. This is a doctrine which seems to place the officers above the law. For if superior orders or acts of Congress should direct or prohibit a certain conduct, the officer might hold that it was an occasion for him to determine the constitutionality of such acts, and the lawfulness of such orders. General Hancock's doctrine is a plain subordination of the civil to the military power. If his theory be correct, why was not Twiggs the judge of the constitutionality and lawfulness of his course?

General Sherman's rebuke of General Hancock's singular ignorance and confusion of mind is none the less emphatic because it is courteous and indirect.

> "Our standard opinions are mostly formed on the practice of our predecessors. But a great change was made after the close of the civil war by the amendments of the Constitution giving to the freed slaves certain civil and political rights, and empowering Congress to make the laws necessary to enforce these rights. This power is new and absolute, and Congress has enacted laws with which we are not yet familiar and accustomed. See pages 348, 349, and 350 Revised Statutes (section 1989), edition 1873-74. As a matter of fact, I dislike to have our army used in these civil conflicts, but the President has the lawful right to use the army and navy, and has exercised the right, as he believes, lawfully and rightfully, and our duty has been, and is, to sustain him with zeal and sincerity."

If two bodies, each assuming to be Congress, should enact conflicting laws, and two persons, each claiming to be President, should issue conflicting orders, there would be an anarchical condition, in which every citizen would be compelled to decide. But that is not the case supposed by General Hancock, which is simply that of deciding upon undisputed laws and unquestionable superior authority. Nobody suspects the General of sinister designs, but he must be suspected of singularly confused notions of the right of military officers to determine the constitutionality of the laws of Congress, and the lawfulness of superior orders. It is amusing to observe that in his acknowledgment of the clear and decisive reply of General Sherman to his political speculations, General Hancock says that he will not notice General Sherman's "reference to the Revised Statutes, and one or two other points in a brief way," because he is "house-hunting, or apartment or hotel hunting rather."

THE ANDRÉ CENTENARY.

The last great Revolutionary centennial celebration was that of the capture of André, and it was an occasion of the same popular enthusiasm which has distinguished all the others. The scene of the celebration was beautiful, the day lovely, the throng immense, the procession imposing, the oration eloquent and elaborate, and the success complete. Mr. Tilden, who is a large land-owner in Westchester County, presided, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was the orator of the day.

His theme, of course, was the great story of the treason of Arnold, and the romance of the capture and fate of André. It is the highest praise of a discourse upon a story so familiar that it invests the old tale with a new charm, and kindles to enthusiasm the patriotic feeling which it awakens. This is certainly true of Mr. Depew's oration. It was a vivid and brilliant picture of a momentous event in our history, which he had evidently carefully studied, and which he presented with fascinating elaboration. His conclusions, in the full light of modern research, are those which are generally accepted, and his adoption of them is added evidence of their justice. Mr. Depew says of André: "Had he succeeded by the desecration of the honorable uses of passes and flags of truce, his name would have been held in everlasting execration. In his failure the infant republic escaped the dagger with which he was feeling for its heart, and the crime was drowned in tears for his untimely end."

André's story is a singular instance of the total forgetfulness of the nature of a crime in overwhelming sympathy for the criminal; but the orator did not forget the contrasted patriotic figure of Nathan Hale, in whose conduct and bearing shone the distinctive character of the cause which André, as a soldier, sought to ruin. The two names are linked forever. In America the story of André's capture will never be told without that of Nathan Hale's sublime heroism. Hale's action, indeed, was not part of an enterprise so vital to the cause and the war as that of which André's was a part, but there was no single event in the Revolution which more nobly and signally illustrated its spirit than the devotion of Nathan Hale.

OLD PARTY SPIRIT.

A little attention to old party warfare in this country and in this State will show us that however fierce party spirit may now be, it was formerly still more furious. A striking illustration of this fact is found in the famous pamphlet of "Aristides"—a review of Cheetham's attack upon Aaron Burr. The author of "Aristides" was William P. Van Ness who at that time was Burr's most faithful friend, and who was subsequently made District Judge, and was succeeded by Judge Betts.

The pamphlet was written in 1803 to defend Burr against the charge of lax Republicanism, or Jeffersonism—a charge urged after the election of Jefferson because Burr had not at once withdrawn when the electoral vote was found to be a tie. Ambrose Spencer and De Witt Clinton were the Republican leaders, uniting the Clinton and Livingston interests, and hostile to Burr. Judge Van Ness speaks of Mr. Spencer in this way, leaving our modern vituperation far behind:

> "Ambrose Spencer, a man as notoriously infamous as the legitimate offspring of treachery and fraud can possibly be.... Nursed from his infancy in the lap of corruption, he disgraced his constituents, and with the smile of a traitor upon his face uniformly betrayed their interests. With a heart 'corrupt and rotten to the very core,' nothing but a *quid pro quo* could coerce him into the path of honor. He is governed by no principles or feelings but those which avarice and unprincipled ambition inspire. The whole course of his life exhibits an unvaried scene of vulgar deceit and base-born villainy unequalled in the liveliest history of human vice.... As in ancient times vice was rendered odious by exposing its deformity, so now, it is to be hoped, the exhibition of this disgusting monument of human depravity will neutralize vicious spirits, and correct the moral sentiments of the people."

The pamphlet assails De Witt Clinton with the same fury. These were the tastes of the good old times, and all this battery was unlimbered in defense of Aaron Burr. Stale party fury is pitiable, and it is well to remember it even in the midst of a Presidential election.

FRENCH POLITICS.

Our recent observations upon the policy of M. Freycinet in France appeared at the same time with the news of his resignation, and the formation of a new ministry. M. Jules Ferry is the new Prime Minister, and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who is now seventy years old, is the new Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Ferry is the author of the bill for the removal of the Jesuits, and he has been engaged in the reorganization of the French system of education. Gambetta is in agreement with him, and the resignation of M. Freycinet is due to the difference of policy between him and Gambetta.

There is evidently doubt in some liberal quarters whether Gambetta has not made a grave mistake, and whether Freycinet's purpose of temporizing was not wiser. But this must depend upon the comparative accuracy of their knowledge of public opinion. The Freycinet view apparently is that religious establishments which are modest and moderate should be winked at rather than suppressed, because suppression would occasion an accusation of persecution, which, although ineffective as against the truculent Jesuit houses, would be sustained as against less offensive institutions. The Gambetta policy, on the other hand, is refusal to compromise, because compromise with a relentless antagonist, unless absolutely necessary, weakens opposition.

It is a question of expediency, upon which Gambetta's judgment is presumptively as sound as that of any other statesman in France. The programme of the new cabinet is very acceptable to Europe, so far as known. Peace as at present established will be honorably maintained everywhere. There will be free and universal secular education, and reform in the magistracy, and the decrees for the suppression of unauthorized religious orders will be enforced. The only difference between the present and the late ministerial policy lies in the degree of energy with which the enforcement will be carried out.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, who has just arrived in New York from England, has for some years been a prominent figure in English journalism. He is now in his very prime—forty-two. By birth he is Scotch, and after studying at the University of Aberdeen, he served for several years in the Royal Dragoons, where he acquired a practical knowledge of military affairs that has been of substantial value to him. As special correspondent of the London *Daily News* he accompanied the German army from the commencement to the close of the Franco-German war. In the service of the same journal he accompanied the Prince of Wales in his tour through India in 1875-76. In the summer and autumn of 1876 he was in Servia, and present at all the important fights in that campaign. He was attached to the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish war, and witnessed the crossing of the Danube, the capture of Bjela, the disastrous battle of Plevna on July 3, the severest fighting in the Shipka Pass, and the five days' attack by the Russians on Plevna in September. Mr. Forbes was also with the British forces during the Zulu war, and witnessed the massacre at Isandula on the 12th of January, 1879, of which he sent a graphic account to the *Daily News*. Among his works are *Drawn from Life*, a military novel; *My Experiences of the War between France and Germany*; and *Soldiering and Scribbling: a Series of Sketches*. While in this country he will deliver those lectures that have been received with the highest favor abroad.

—Conspicuous among the foreign ecclesiastics now in this country is Dr. Herzog, Old Catholic Bishop of Switzerland, who has been received with great cordiality by the Episcopal bishops of the United States. On Sunday, the 19th ult., he preached in German at an early service in the Church of the Nativity, and on the same day attended Trinity Church, taking a seat in the chancel at the request of Dr. Dix. The Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church has invited Bishop Herzog to be present at the Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, which commences its sessions in this city on the 6th of October. This body is formed by the House of Bishops, and House of Clerical and Lay Delegates, composed of four clerical and four lay delegates from each diocese, elected by ballot at the Diocesan Conventions. The delegates are selected with special reference to their knowledge of the affairs of the Church, for ability as debaters, for knowledge of parliamentary law, etc. Among its members are found many of the most distinguished men in the country. The House of Bishops holds its sessions apart from the Lower House, and always with closed doors.

—Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of this city, hitherto a large giver to Princeton College, has just added the princely benefaction of $200,000. One-half of this sum is given in trust for the support of such professorships as are not now endowed or only partially so, and $100,000 is for the endowment of a new professorship, to which the Rev. Francis L. Patton, of Chicago, has been appointed. The donations to Princeton College since the Rev. Dr. McCosh succeeded to the presidency have amounted to nearly one million and a half of dollars. Its condition is a trifle different from what it was in 1776, when only seven students were ready to graduate, and no quorum of trustees could be got together; or in 1780, when only six young gentlemen graduated. The college edifice had been alternately occupied by the British and American armies, and its doors, windows, floors, and roof were torn up for fuel, its ornaments desecrated, its apparatus demolished, and its library purloined or consumed. Whether regard be had to its financial or collegiate position, it is to-day one of the strongest in the United States.

—The Italian society Benemériti Italiani, under the patronage of the King of Italy, has recently elected Dr. John W. Draper as associate member, and sent him its gold medal—an acknowledgment of the manner in which he has treated of Italian affairs in his book on the *Intellectual Development of Europe* (published by Harper & Brothers), and other works, which have attained great celebrity in this country and Europe.

—Sir F. Roberts, the latest of England's successful military men—the "Savior of Afghanistan," as he is called—is the son of a clergyman in Waterford, Ireland. He is a member of the order of Good Templars, and a stanch teetotaler. He has a Good Templar Lodge attached to every regiment under his command. Sir Garnet Wolseley is also a total abstainer.

—The Roman Catholics of New York are greatly pleased at the appointment of Bishop Corrigan, of Newark, as Coadjutor Archbishop of New York. Bishop Corrigan is now only about forty years of age, and was but thirty-three when consecrated. He succeeded Archbishop Bailey, who said of him that he had "religion enough and learning and ability enough to make half a dozen bishops."

—Lord Hartington, who for six weeks past has been the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, is heir to one of the greatest and wealthiest peerages in England, and a statesman almost by inheritance. But he has other interests than those of politics. He is fond of sport, fond of travel, and has generally a large capacity for enjoyment. Yet he is a very hard-working Minister, and has developed unexpected power as a debater and as a practical administrator of his department—the affairs of India.

—The London *Times* is not a jocular journal. Its humor is usually of the grim sort. Now and then, however, it is lightly hilarious, as when it says, "We do not know any living novelist who has more completely the gift of awakening the bodily senses through the medium of printer's ink than has Mr. William Black." For proof read *White Wings*, just published by Harper & Brothers.

—It was unfortunate for Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, as it certainly was for the people of the State of New York, that the morning journals of September 24 should have devoted so much space to a description of the Tammany parade as to have left room for comparatively brief allusion to his masterly address at the centennial celebration at Tarrytown. It was in every respect a production of the highest order—dignified, eloquent, full of incident, admirably delivered, and received with the heartiest applause.

—There are a few bright men in the British House of Commons who are occasionally alluded to in London journals as the "Fourth Party." Prominent among them as a debater and tactician is Lord Randolph Churchill, a son-in-law of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of this city. Lord R. C. took a somewhat prominent and aggressive part in the great Bradlaugh debate, and as a "worrier" of the ministry has won a notable success.

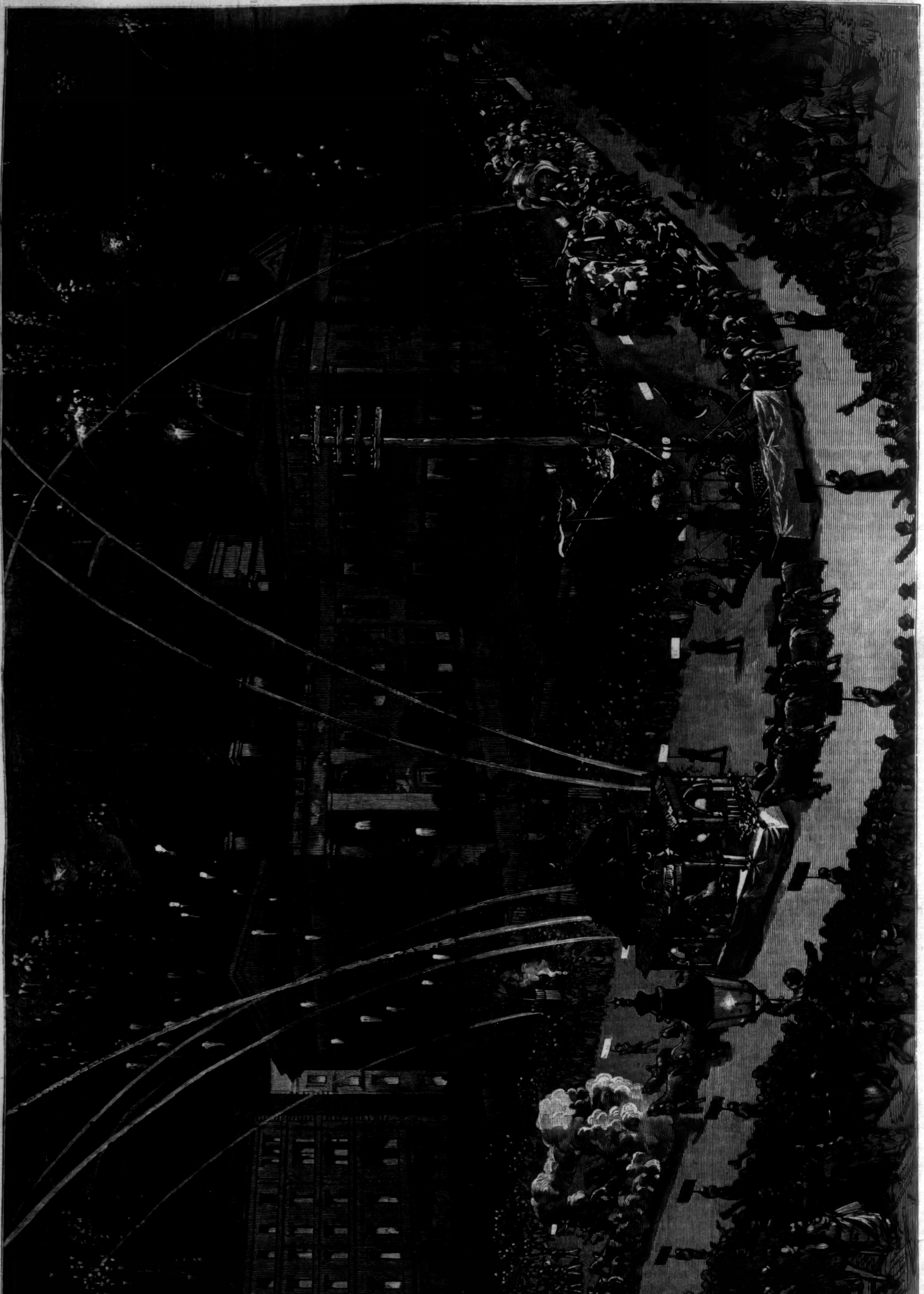
—Edwin Booth has presented to his personal and professional friend Dr. Durant, of this city, a "loving-cup," made by Tiffany & Co. at a cost of $1000. It is of solid silver lined with gold. Miss Agnes Strickland in her *Historic Sketches* says that "Margaret Atheling, wife of Malcolm Kenmore, in order to induce the Scotch to remain for grace, devised the grace-cup, which was filled with the choicest wine, of which each guest was allowed to drink *ad libitum* after grace had been said." On the introduction of Christianity the custom of wassailing was not abolished, but it assumed a religious aspect. The monks called the wassail bowl the *poculum carita* (loving-cup), a term still retained in the London companies. In drinking the loving-cup two adjacent persons always stand up together, one to drink, and the other to pledge his safety while so occupied.

—Baron Kolb, a German, who has been ransacking the figures of the universe, says that the English is the most widely spread language, being spoken by about 80,000,000 people; German, by 50,000,000 or 60,000,000; French and Spanish, 40,000,000 each; Russian, 55,000,000. Every advance made by a people in morality and healthy employment and useful knowledge adds to its tenure of life. The average of life among the well-to-do is fifty years; among the poor, thirty-two years. Clergymen average the longest lives—sixty-six years. Idlers are shorter-lived than the industrious, and statistics prove that in countries where consanguineous marriages are permitted there are to be found a greater number of deaf-mutes and idiots than elsewhere.

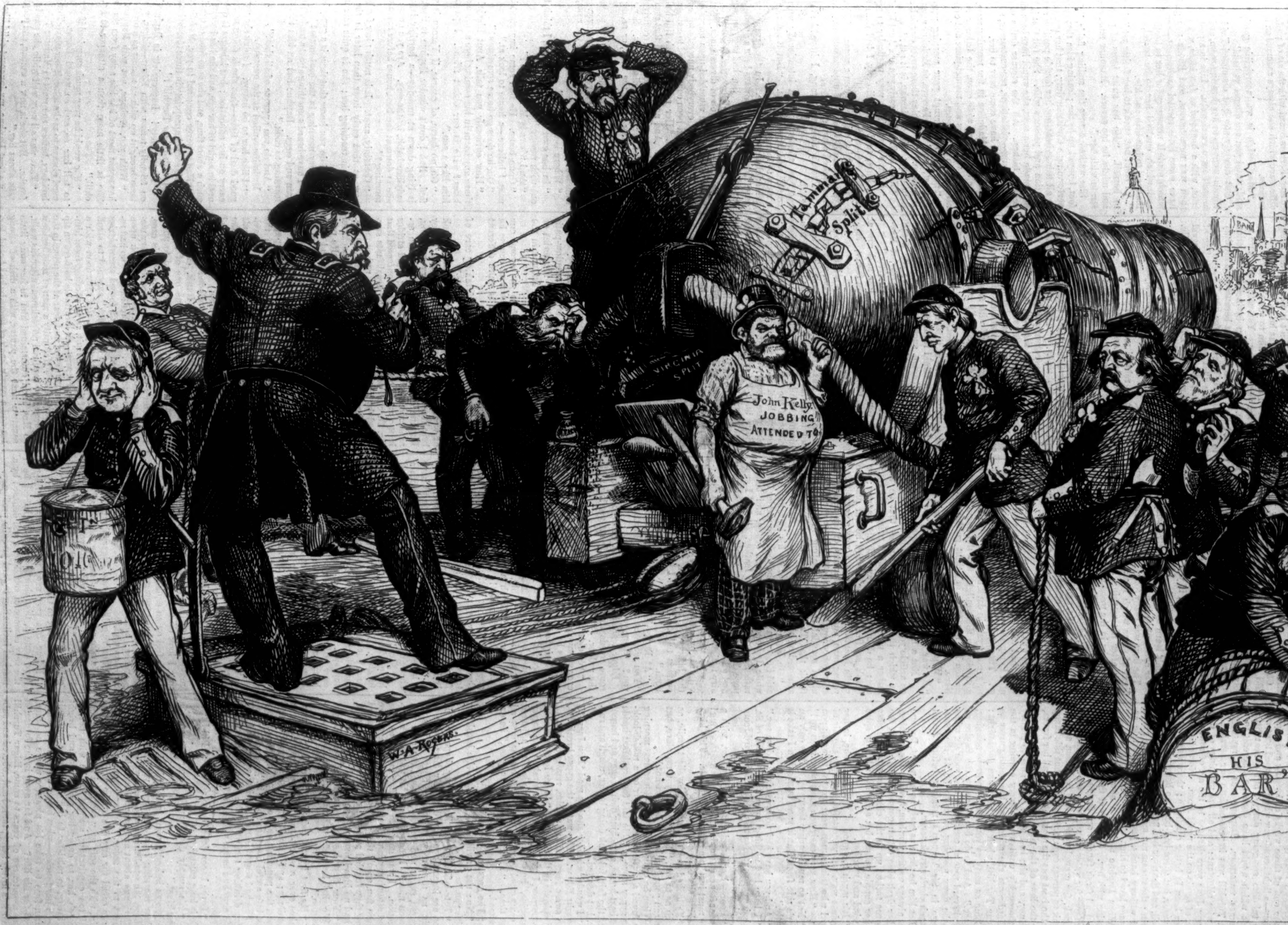
—The enormous charges of the British pension list are attracting more than usual attention in the House of Commons. It is stated that in less than a century the descendants of Lord St. Vincent and Lord Rodney have received $1,000,000 each. For nearly two hundred years the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg have drawn a nice income from that grateful country. The Dukes of Marlborough enjoy a perpetual pension of $25,000 a year. The Duke of Wellington was given $3,500,000 by Parliament to support the dignity of his dukedom, and a pension of $10,000 a year for two generations. These are among some of the larger grants. The smaller ones are numberless, and many of them the rewards of mere favoritism.

—An interesting presentation was made a few days since to Captain Thomas S. Curtis, of the steam-ship *Saratoga*, of the Cuban mail line. The testimonial was a handsome and valuable binocular marine glass, suitably inscribed, and was presented by the Emperor of Germany in recognition of Captain Curtis's gallant conduct in rescuing Captain Dobler and ten sailors of the German bark *Christopher Columbus*, in a heavy northwest gale, in February last. The bark was sighted in latitude 31° north and longitude 79° 25' west. Her masts had been carried away, her hold was full of water, and the sea was making a clean breach over her. Captain Curtis lowered his life-boat, and after a severe struggle for five hours succeeded in saving all hands.

—M. Littré, the eminent French philosopher, lives a very secluded but happy life, spending a considerable portion of his time in tending his garden and fruit trees. His work table stands close to his bed, whence he has but a few steps to take at any moment to plunge into the midst of his books. At times, when he wants relaxation, he devotes himself to such light intellectual pursuits as translating Dante into verse or old French. M. Littré, who is in the fullest possession of his strength, mental as well as physical, occasionally indulges in reflections on what he is pleased to consider as his approaching end, and tells his medical adviser that he is "about to attain rejuvenescence *dans le sein de la grande nature*." Madame Littré keeps unceasing watch over her idolized husband. She is as orthodox in her religious belief as he is skeptical. A sort of idyllic halo appears to surround the venerable couple. The savant, who does not "believe," fully approves of his wife being a believer if she thinks fit, while she, on the other hand, never dreams of combating her spouse's tenets. A touching little incident, which throws a pleasing light on their mutual relations, is told of them. One day, while suffering from slight ill health, M. Littré happened to faint, whereupon his helpmate took a little consecrated medal that was hanging round her neck, and gently passed it round her husband's, in the sincere belief that it would help to bring him to. M. Littré, on issuing from his fainting fit, found the medal round his neck, and taking it off, handed it to his wife, with a pressure of her hand that was more eloquent than words.



THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.—PROCESSION OF "THE VEILED PROPHETS."—From Sketches and Photographs by John A. Scholten, St. Louis.—[See Page 667.]


Tammany Split
VIRGINIA SPLIT
John Kelly. JOBBING ATTENDED TO
ENGLISH, HIS BAR'L.
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
BANK
TREASURY
WHITE HOUSE
W. A. ROGERS

NOW OR NEVER—THE WHITE HOUSE OR "BUST"!

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"HIS HERTE BATHED IN A BATH OF BLISSE."

Daphne's boat came home from the builder's at the end of three weeks of longing and expectation—a light brand-new wherry-shaped boat, not the tub-like sea-going dingey, but a neat little craft which would have done no discredit to a Thames waterman. Daphne was in raptures; Mr. Turchill was impressed into her service, in no wise reluctant; and all the mornings of that happy June were devoted to the art of rowing a pair of sculls on the rapid Avon. Never had the river been in better condition; there was plenty of water, but there had been no heavy rains since April, and the river had not overflowed its natural limits; the stream ran smoothly between its green and willowy banks, just such a lenient tide as Horace loved to sing.

When Daphne took up a new thing it was a passion with her. She was at the exuberant age when all fresh fancies are fevers. She had had her fever for water-colors, for battledore and shuttlecock, for crewel-work. She had risen at daybreak to pursue each new delight: but this fancy for the boat was the most intense of all her fevers, for the love of the river was a love dating from infancy, and she had never been able to gratify it thoroughly until now. Every evening in the billiard-room she addressed the same prayer to Edgar Turchill, when she bade him good-night: "Come as early as you can to-morrow morning, please." And to do her pleasure the Squire of Hawksyard rose at cock-crow and rode six miles in the dewy morning so as to be at the boat-house in Sir Vernon's meadow before Arden church clock struck seven.

Let him be there as early as he might, Daphne was always waiting for him, fresh as the morning, in her dark blue cotton gown and sailor hat, the sleeves tucked up to the elbow to give free play to her supple wrists, her arms lily white in spite of wind and weather.

"It's much too good of you," said she, in her careless way, not ungrateful, but with the air of a girl who thinks men were created to wait upon her. "How very early you must have been up!"

"Not so much earlier than you. It is only an hour's ride from Hawksyard, even when I take it gently."

"And you have had no breakfast, I dare say."

"I have had nothing since the tumbler of St. Galmier you poured out for me in the billiard-room last night."

"Poor—dear—soul!" sighed Daphne, with a pause after each word. "How quite too shocking! We must institute a gypsy tea-kettle. This kind of thing shall not occur again."

She looked at him with her loveliest smile, as much as to say, "I have made you my slave, but I mean your bondage to be pleasant."

When he came to the boat-house next morning he found a kettle singing gayly on a rakish-looking gypsy stove, a table laid for breakfast inside the boat-house, a smoking dish of eggs and bacon, and the faithful Bink doing butler, rough and rustic, but devoted.

"I wonder whether she has read 'Don Juan'?" thought Edgar. The water, the gypsy breakfast, the sweet face smiling at him, reminded him of an episode in that poem. "Were I shipwrecked to-morrow, I would not wish to awaken in a fairer paradise," he said to himself, while Bink adjusted a camp-stool for him, breathing his hardest all the time. "This is a delicious surprise," he exclaimed.

"The eggs and bacon?"

"No; the privilege of a tête-à-tête breakfast with you."

"Tête-à-fiddlestick! Bink is my chaperon. If you are impertinent, I will ask Mr. MacCloskie to join us to-morrow morning. Sugar? Yes, of course, sugar and cream. Aren't the eggs and bacon nice? I cooked them. It was Bink's suggestion. I was going to confine myself to rolls and strawberry jam; but the eggs and bacon are more fun, aren't they? You should have heard how they frizzled and sputtered in the frying-pan. I had no idea bacon was so noisy."

"Your first lesson in cookery," said Edgar. "We shall hear of you graduating at South Kensington."

"My first lesson, indeed! Why, I fried pancakes over a spirit-lamp ever so many times at Asnières; and I don't know which smelled nastiest, the pancakes or the lamp. Our dormitory got into awful disgrace about it."

She had seated herself on her camp-stool, and was drinking tea, while she watched Edgar eat the eggs and bacon with an artistic interest in the process.

"Is the bacon done?" she asked. "Did I frizzle it long enough?"

"It's simply delicious; I never ate such a breakfast."

It was indeed a meal in fairy-land. The soft clear morning light, the fresh yet balmy atmosphere, the sun-lit river and shadowy boat-house—all things about and around lent their enchantment to the scene. Edgar forgot that he had ever cared for any one in the world except this girl, with the soft gray eyes, and sunny hair, and all too captivating smile. To be with her, to watch her, to enjoy her girlishness and bright vivacity, to minister to her amusement and wait upon her fancies—what better use could a young man, free to take his pleasure where he liked, find for his life? And far away in the future, in the remoteness of years to come, Edgar Turchill saw this lovely being, tamed and sobered and subdued into the pattern of his ideal wife, losing no charm that made her girlhood lovely, but gaining the holier graces of womanhood and wifehood. To-day she was little more than a child, seeking her pleasure as a child does, draining the cup of each new joy like a child, and he knew that he was no more to her than the agreeable companion of her pleasures. But such an association, such girlish friendship so freely given, must surely ripen into a warmer feeling. His pulses could not be so deeply stirred and hers give no responsive throb. There must be some sympathy, some answering emotion, in a nature so intensely sensitive.

Cheered by such hopeful reflections, Mr. Turchill ate an excellent breakfast, while Daphne somewhat timorously tried an egg, and was agreeably surprised to find it tasted pretty much the same as if the cook had fried it—a little leathery, perhaps, but that was a detail.

"I feel so relieved," she said. "I shouldn't have been surprised if I had turned them into chickens. And now, if you have quite finished, we'll begin our rowing. I have a conviction that if I don't learn to feather properly to-day, I shall never accomplish it while I live."

The boat was ready for them, moored to a steep flight of steps which Bink had hewn out of the bank after his working hours. He had found odd planks in the wood-house, and had contrived to face the steps with timber in a most respectable manner, rewarded by Daphne by sweet words and sweeter looks, and by such a shower of shillings that he had opened a post-office savings-bank book on the strength of her bounty, and felt himself on the road to fortune.

There was the boat in all the smartness of new varnished wood. Daphne had given up her idea of a Pompeiian red dado to oblige the boat-builder. There were the oars and sculls, with Daphne's monogram in dark blue and gold; and there, glittering in the sunlight, was the name she had chosen for her craft, in bright golden letters—Nero.

"What a queer name to choose!" said Edgar. "He was such an out-and-out beast, you know."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Daphne. "I read an article yesterday in an old volume of *Cornhill*, in which the writer demonstrates that he was rather a nice man. He didn't poison Britannicus; he didn't make away with his mamma; he didn't set fire to Rome, though he did play the violin beautifully. He was a very accomplished young man, and the historians of his time were silly gobe-mouches, who jotted down every ridiculous scandal that was floating in society. I think that Taci—what's his name ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Oh, Nero has been set on his legs, has he?" said Edgar, carelessly, as he took the rudder lines, while Daphne bent over her sculls, and began rather too vehemently to feather. "And I suppose Tiberius was a very meritorious monarch, and all those scandals about Capri were so many airy fictions. Well, it doesn't make much difference to us, does it? except that it will go hard with me by-and-by, when my boys come to learn the history of the future, to have the young scamps tell me that all I learned at Rugby was bosh."

"At Rugby," cried Daphne, suddenly earnest. "You were at Rugby with my brother, weren't you? Were you great friends?"

Edgar leaned over the boat, concerned about some weeds that were possibly interfering with the rudder.

"We didn't see much of each other. He was ever so much younger than I, you know."

"Was he nice? Were people fond of him?"

"Everybody was dreadfully sorry when he died of scarlet fever, poor fellow," answered Edgar, without looking at her.

"Yes, it was terrible, was it not? I can just remember him. Such a bright, handsome boy, full of life and spirits! He used to tease me a good deal, but that is the nature of boys. And then when I was at Brighton there came a letter to say that he was dead, and I had to wear black frocks for ever so long. Poor Loftus! how dearly I should have loved him if he had lived!"

"Yes, it would have been nice for you to have a brother, would it not?" said Edgar, still with a shade of embarrassment.

"Nice! it would have been my salvation. To have some one of my own kindred—quite my brother. I love Madoline with all my heart and soul, but she is only my half-sister. I always feel that there is a difference between us. She is my superior. She comes of a better stock. Nobody ever talks of my mother, or my mother's family, but Lina's parentage is in everybody's mouth. She seems to be related, at least in heraldry, to everybody worth knowing in the county. But Loftus would have been the same clay that I am made of, don't you know, neither better nor worse. Blood is thicker than water."

"That's a morbid feeling of yours, Daphne."

"Is it? I'm afraid I have a few morbid feelings."

"Get rid of them. There never was a better sister than Madoline is to you."

"I know it. She is perfection; but that only makes her further away from me. I reverence her, I look up to her and admire her; but I can never feel on an equality with her."

"That shows your good sense. It is an advantage for you to have some one to look up to."

"Yes; but I should like some one on my own level as well."

"You've got me," said Edgar, bluntly. "Can't you make a brother of me for the nonce?"

"Forever and always, if you like," replied Daphne. "I'm sure I've got the best of the bargain. I don't believe any brother would get up at five o'clock to teach me to row."

Edgar felt very sure that Loftus would not have done it, that short-lived youth having been the very essence of selfishness, and debased by a marked inclination toward juvenile profligacy.

"Brothers are not the most self-sacrificing of human beings," he said. "I think you'll find finer instances of devotion in an Irish or a Scottish foster-brother than in the Saxon blood-relation. But Madoline is a sister in a thousand. Take care of that willow"—as the boat shot under the drooping foliage of an ancient pollard. "How bright and happy she looked last night!"

"Yes; she had just received a long letter from Gerald, and he talks of coming home sooner than she expected him. He will give up his fishing in Norway, though I believe he had engaged an inland sea all to himself, and he will be home before the end of July. Isn't it nice? I am dying with curiosity to see what he is like."

"Didn't I describe him to you?"

"In the vaguest way. You said I was sure to like him. Now I have an invincible conviction that I shall detest him, just because it is my duty to feel a sisterly affection for him."

"Take care that you keep within the line of duty, and that your affection doesn't go beyond the sisterly limit," said Edgar, with a grim smile. "There is no fear of the other thing."

"What a savage look!" exclaimed Daphne, laughingly. "How horridly jealous you must be of him!"

"Hasn't he robbed me of my first love?" demanded Edgar; "and now—"

"Don't be so gloomy. Didn't you tell me you had got over your disappointment, and that you meant to be a dear useful bachelor uncle to Madoline's children by-and-by?"

"I don't know about being always a bachelor," said Edgar, doubtfully. "That would imply that I hadn't got over my disappointment."

"That is what you said the other day. I am only quoting yourself against yourself. I like to think of you as a perpetual bachelor for Lina's sake. It is a more poetical idea than the notion of your consoling yourself with somebody else."

"Yet a man does generally console himself. It is in human nature."

"Don't say another word," cried Daphne. "You are positively hateful this morning—so low and material. I'm afraid it must be the consequence of eggs and bacon, such a vulgar, unæsthetic breakfast—Bink's idea. I shall give you bread and butter and strawberries to-morrow, if MacCloskie will let me have any strawberries."

"If you were to talk a little less and row a little more, I think we should get on faster," suggested Edgar, smiling at her.

They had got into a spot where a little green peninsula jutted out into the stream, and where the current was almost a whirlpool. The boat had been travelling in a circle for the last five minutes, while Daphne plied her sculls, unconscious of the fact. They were nearing Stratford; the low level meadows lay round them; the tall spire rose yonder above the many-arched Gothic bridge built by good Sir Hugh Clopton before Shakspeare was born. He must have crossed it many and many a time with the light foot of boyhood, a joyous spirit, finding ineffable delight in simplest things; and again, after he had lived his life and had measured himself amidst the greatest minds of his age, in the greatest city of the world, and had toiled, and conquered independence and fame, and came back rich enough to buy the great house hard by the grammar school, how often must he have lounged against the gray stone parapet, in the calm eventide, watching the light linger and fade upon the reedy river, bats and swallows skimming across the water, and the grand old Gothic church embowered in trees, and the level meadows beyond! They were in the very heart of Shakspeare's country. Yonder, far away to their right, lay the meadow-path by which he walked to Shottery. Memories of him were interwoven with every feature in the landscape.

"Papa told me I was not to go beyond our own meadows," said Daphne, "but of course he meant when I was alone. It is quite different when you are with me."

"Naturally. I am capable of taking care of you."

This kind of thing went on for another week of weather which at worst was showery. They breakfasted in the boat-house every morning, Daphne exercising all her ingenuity in the arrangement of the meal, and making rapid strides in the art of cookery. It must be confessed that Mr. Turchill seemed to enjoy the breakfasts suggested by the vulgar-minded Bink rather more than those which were direct emanations of Daphne's delicate fancy. He liked broiled mackerel better than cream and raspberry jam. He preferred deviled kidneys to honey-comb and milk rolls. But whatever Daphne set before him he ate, with thankfulness. It was so sweet to spend his mornings in this bright joyous company! It was a grand thing to have so intelligent a pupil, for Daphne was becoming very skillful in the management of her boat. She was able to navigate her bark safely through the most difficult bits of the deep swift river. She could shoot the narrow arches of Stratford bridge in as good style as a professional waterman.

But when two young, pure-minded people are enjoying themselves in this frank, easy-going fashion, there is generally some one of mature age near at hand to suggest evil, and to put a stop to their enjoyment. So it was in this case. The rector's wife heard of her niece's watery meanderings and gypsy breakfasts, and took upon herself to interfere. Mr. MacCloskie, who had reluctantly furnished a dish of forced strawberries for the boat-house breakfast, happened to stroll over to Arden Rectory in the afternoon with a basket of the same fruit, as an offering, from himself, to Mrs. Ferrers—an inevitable half-crown tip to the head gardener, and dear at the price, in the lady's opinion. Naturally a man of MacCloskie's consequence required refreshment after his walk, so Mrs. Todd entertained him in her snug little sanctum next the pantry, with a dish of strong tea and a crusty knob of home-baked bread, lavishly buttered. Whereupon, in the course of conversation, Mr. MacCloskie let fall that Miss Daphne was carrying on finely with Mr. Turchill of Hawksyard, and that he supposed that would be a match some of these days. Pressed for details, he described the early breakfasts at the boat-house, the long mornings spent on the river, the afternoons at billiards, the tea-drinkings in the conservatory. All this Todd, who was an irrepressible gossip, retailed to her mistress next morning, when the bill of fare had been written, and the campaign of gluttony for the next twenty-four hours had been carefully mapped out.

Mrs. Ferrers heard with the air of profound indifference which she always assumed on such occasions.

"MacCloskie is an incorrigible gossip," she said, "and you are almost as bad."

But directly she had dismissed Todd the fair Rhoda went up to her dressing-room, and arrayed herself for a rural walk. Life in a pastoral district, with a husband of few ideas, will now and then wax monotonous, and Rhoda was glad to have some little mental excitement—something which made it necessary for her to bestir herself, and which enabled her to be useful, after her manner, to her kith and kin.

"I shall not speak to her father yet," she said to herself. "He has strict ideas of propriety, and might be too severe. Madoline must remonstrate with her."

She walked across the smiling fields, light of foot, buoyed up by the pleasing idea that she was performing a Christian duty, that her errand was in all things befitting her double position as near relation and pastor's wife. She felt that if Fate had made her a man, she would have been an excellent bishop. All the sterner duties of that high calling—visitations, remonstrances, suspensions—would have come easy to her.

She found Madoline in the morning-room, the French windows wide open, the balcony full of flowers, the tables and mantel-piece and cabinets all abloom with roses.

"Sorry to interrupt your morning practice, dearest," said Mrs. Ferrers, as Madoline rose from the piano. "You play those sweet classic bits so deliciously. Mendelssohn, is it not?"

"No; Raff. How early you are, Aunt Rhoda!"

"I have something very particular to say to you, Lina, so I came directly I had done with Todd."

This kind of address from a woman of Rhoda's type generally forebodes unpleasantness. Madoline looked alarmed.

"There's nothing wrong, I hope?" she faltered.

"Not absolutely—not intentionally wrong, I trust," said Mrs. Ferrers. "But it must be put a stop to immediately."

Madoline turned pale. In the days that were gone Aunt Rhoda had always been a dreadful nuisance to the servants. She had been perpetually making unpleasant discoveries, peculations, dissipations, carryings on of divers kinds. Not unfrequently she had stumbled upon mares'-nests, and after making everybody uncomfortable for a week or two, had been constrained to confess herself mistaken. Her rule at South Hill had not been peace. And now Lina feared that even outside the house Aunt Rhoda had contrived to make one of her terrible discoveries. Some one had been giving away the milk, or selling the corn, or stealing garden stuff.

"What is it, Aunt Rhoda?"

Mrs. Ferrers did not give a direct answer. Her cold gray eyes made the circuit of the room, and then she asked,

"Where is Daphne?"

"In her own room—lying down, I think, tired out with rowing."

"And where is Mr. Turchill?"

"Gone home. He had some important business, I believe—a horse to look at."

"Oh, he does go home sometimes?"

"How curiously you talk, Aunt Rhoda! Is there any harm in his coming here as often as he likes? He is our oldest friend. Papa treats him like a son."

"Oh, no harm, of course, if Vernon is satisfied. But I don't wonder Daphne is tired, and is lying down at mid-day—a horribly lazy, unladylike habit, by-the-way. Are you aware that she is down at the boat-house before seven every morning?"

"Certainly, aunt. It is much nicer for her to row at that early hour than later in the day. Edgar is teaching her; she is quite safe in his care."

"And do you know that there is a gypsy breakfast every morning in the boat-house?"

"I have heard something about a tea-kettle, and ham and eggs. Daphne has an idea that she is learning to cook."

"And do you approve of all this?"

Madoline smiled at the question.

"I like her to be happy. I think she wastes a good deal of time—that she is doing nothing to carry on her education; but idleness is only natural in a girl of her age, and she has been at home such a short time, and she is so fond of the river."

"Has it never occurred to you, Madoline, that there is some impropriety in these tête-à-tête mornings with Edgar Turchill?"

"Impropriety! Impropriety in Daphne being on friendly terms with Edgar—Edgar, who has been brought up with us almost as a brother!"

"With you, perhaps, not with Daphne. She has spent most of her life away from South Hill. She is little more than a stranger to Mr. Turchill."

"She would be very much surprised if you were to tell her so, and so would Edgar. Why, he used always to make himself her playfellow in her holidays, before she went to Madame Tolmache."

"That was all very well while she was in short frocks. But she is now a woman, and people will talk about her."

"About Daphne, my innocent child-like sister, little more than a child in years, quite a child in gayety and light-heartedness! How can such an idea enter your head, Aunt Rhoda? Surely the most hardened scandal-monger could not find anything to say against Daphne."

"My dear Madoline," began Mrs. Ferrers, severely, "you are usually so sensible in all you do and say that I really wonder at the way you are talking this morning. There are certain rules of conduct, established time out of mind, for well-bred young women, and Daphne can no more violate those rules with impunity than anybody else can. It is not because she wears her hair down her back and her petticoats immodestly scanty that she is to go scot-free," added Aunt Rhoda, in a little involuntary burst of malevolence.

She had not been fond of Daphne as a child; she liked her much less as a young woman. To a well-preserved woman of forty who still affects to be young there is apt to be something aggravating in the wild freshness and unconscious insolence of lovely seventeen.

"Aunt Rhoda, I think you forget that Daphne is my sister—my very dear sister."

"Your half-sister, Madoline. I forget nothing. It is you who forget that there are reasons in Daphne's antecedents why we should be more especially careful about her."

"It is unkind of you to speak of that, aunt," protested Madoline, blushing. "As to Edgar Turchill, he is my father's favorite companion; he is devoted to all of us. There can be no possible harm in his being a kind of adopted brother to Daphne."

"He was an adopted brother to you three years ago, and we all know what came of it."

"Pshaw! That was a foolish fancy, and is all over and done with."

"The same thing may happen in Daphne's case."

"If it should, would you be sorry? I am sure I should not. I know papa would approve."

"Oh, if Vernon is satisfied with the state of affairs, I can have nothing further to say," replied Mrs. Ferrers, with dignity; "but if Daphne were my daughter—and Heaven forbid I should ever have such a responsibility as an overgrown girl of that temperament!—I would allow no boat-house breakfastings, no meanderings on the Avon. However, it is no business of mine," concluded Mrs. Ferrers, with an injured air, having said all she had to say. "How is your water-lily counterpane getting on?"

"Nearly finished," answered Madoline, delighted to change the conversation. "It will be ready for papa's birthday."

"How is my brother, by-the-bye?"

"He has been complaining of rheumatic pains. I'm afraid we shall have to spend next winter abroad."

"Nonsense, Lina. It is mere hypochondria on Vernon's part. He was always full of fancies. He is as well as I am."

"He does not think so himself, aunt, and he ought to know best."

"I am not sure of that. A hypochondriac may fancy he has hydrophobia, but he is not obliged to be right. You foster Vernon's imaginary complaints by pretending to believe in them."

Lina did not argue the point, perceiving very plainly that her aunt was out of temper. Nor did she press that lady to stay to luncheon, nor offer any polite impediment to her departure. But the interference of starched propriety had the usual effect. Lightly as Madoline had seemed to hold her aunt's advice, she was too thorough a woman not to act upon it. She went up to Daphne's room directly Mrs. Ferrers left the house. She stole softly in, so as not to disturb the girl's slumber, and seated herself by the open window calmly to await her waking. Daphne's room was one of the prettiest in the house. It had a wide window, overlooking the pastoral valley and winding Avon. It was neatly furnished with birch-wood, and turquoise cretonne, and white and gold crockery, but it was sorely out of order. Daphne's gowns of yesterday and the day before were flung on the sofa. Daphne's hats of all the week round were strewed on tables and chairs. Her sun-shade lay across the dressing-table among the brushes, and pomade-pots, and flower-glasses, and pin-cushions, and trumpery. She had no maid of her own, and her sister's maid, in whose articles of service it was to attend upon her, had renounced that duty as a task impossible of performance. No well-drilled maid could have anything to do—except when positively obliged—with such an untidy and unpunctual young lady: a young lady who would appoint to have her hair dressed and her gown laced at seven, and come running into the house breathless and panting at twenty minutes to eight; a young lady who made hay of her cuffs and collars whenever she was in a hurry, and whose drawer of ribbons was always being upheaved as if by an earthquake. Daphne, being remonstrated with and complained of, protested that she would infinitely rather wait upon herself than be worried.

"You are all goodness, Lina dear, but half a maid is no maid. I would rather do without one altogether," she said.

The room was not absolutely ugly, even in its disorder. All the things that were scattered about were pretty things. There were a good many ornaments, such as are apt to be accumulated by young ladies with plenty of pocket-money and very little common-sense. Mock Venetian glass flower vases of every shape and color; Japanese cups and saucers, and fans and screens; Swiss brackets; willow-pattern plates; a jumble of everything trumpery and fashionable; flowers everywhere, and the atmosphere sickly sweet with the odor of tuberose.

Daphne stirred in her sleep, faintly conscious of a new presence in the room, sighed, turned on her pillow, and presently sat up, flushed and tousled, in her indigo gown, just as she had come in from her boating excursion.

"Have you had a nice nap, dear?"

"Lovely. I was awfully tired. We rowed to Stratford weir."

"And are you quite able to row now?"

"Edgar says I scull as well as he does."

"Then, dearest, I think you ought to dispense with Edgar in future, and keep to our own meadows, as papa said he wished you to do."

"Oh!" said Daphne. "Is that a message from papa?"

"No, dear. But I am sure it will be better for you to consider his wishes upon this point. He is very particular about being obeyed."

"Oh! very well, Lina. Of course, if you wish it, I will tell Edgar the course of lessons is concluded. He has been awfully good. It will be rather slow without him. But I was beginning to find the breakfasts a weight on my mind. It was so difficult to maintain variety—and Bink has such low ideas. Do you know that he actually suggested sausages—pork sausages in June! And I could not make him comprehend the nauseousness of the notion."

"Then it is understood, darling, that you row by yourself in future. I know papa would prefer it."

"You prefer it, Lina; that is enough for me," answered Daphne, in her coaxing way. "But I think I ought to give Edgar some little present for all his goodness to me—a smoking-cap, or a cigar-case, or an anti-macassar for his mother. I could work it in crewels, don't you know."

"You never finish anything, Daphne."

"Because the beginning is always so much nicer. But if I should break down in this, you would finish it, wouldn't you, Lina?"

"With pleasure, my pet."

Edgar was told that evening that his services as a teacher of rowing would no longer be required. And though the fact was imparted to him with infinite sweetness, he felt as if half the sunshine was taken out of his life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE OF STATE RIGHTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRAT?"

THERE is a time-honored Democratic principle to which we must not fail to pay our passing respects. It might have been supposed that the doctrine of State Rights, having so recently in our national history found its fruition in secession and rebellion, would for a time at least have received a set-back. But it still flaunts conspicuously and proudly on the Democratic banner. Whether it is worshipped as an abstract theory for its own sake, is cherished in tender memory of its early apostles and its late champions, or is so fondly caressed because there lurks within it the germ of a future yet unfolded florescence of the same noxious bloom it has already borne, we are not told. We only know it is in highest favor. If you would give your Democratic friend spasms, you have only to whisper in his ear the word "nation" as applied to our common country. But you must have restoratives at hand.

On so innocent an occasion as the recent presentation to Congress of the desk of Jefferson by his descendants in Massachusetts, the member from that State (a Republican) to whom it fell to offer—perhaps to draw up—the joint resolution on the subject, was so incautious as to speak of the relic as "accepted in the name of the nation." As the resolution successively reached the House and the Senate, a prominent Democratic member of each body thought it necessary to rise in his place to request that it might be amended by substituting for the obnoxious term "nation" the words "United States," and it was done. To a Democratic majority in both Houses it had to be conceded that we are not a nation.

But the Republican party is charged with heavier sins than this. It infringes upon State Rights; it favors centralization and concentration of power; it tends to imperialism. When it is remembered that if the Republican party has really laid itself open to this charge, it has incurred it only by efforts to strengthen the hands of the general government against those who would disrupt it—to thwart secession and suppress rebellion—the charge, it will be confessed, loses much of its force, and is felt to come with peculiar ill grace, whether from late seceders and rebels themselves or from their non-combatant brethren of the North.

It is observable that while the Democratic leaders affect so much sensitiveness to alleged assumptions of power by the general government, and encroachments by it upon State Rights, they are loudest in their demands for subsidies from the national Treasury for State and local purposes. Although we are passing under Democratic guidance through an era of much-vaunted national economy, the impartial citizen will not fail to note that the drafts in the last three years by a Democratic Congress upon the national Treasury for expenditure within the States for local purposes are the largest ever made. These jealous guardians of State Rights are willing to flatter the general government by intrusting to it the construction of their local improvements, and by permitting it even to pay for the same out of the national purse, while they are careful to abjure any reciprocal obligation, and even grumble about central interference.

But a truly Democratic conception of popular government should not halt in its jealousy at the boundaries of States. It would carry the principle of reservation by the people of its power in its own hands still further back to the county, to the town. The delegation of its authority by the people in an ideal republic would not exceed, either in degree or in duration, the absolute requirements of practicability. In some Swiss cantons the will of the people is still to-day pronounced *viva voce*, or by show of hands, in an open field. If our wide territory and our numbers forbade to the wise and far-seeing founders of our political system the adoption of so simple a form of government, it is yet to be borne in mind as the healthy principle, to be only so far departed from as the Constitution ordains and necessity requires. The party which shall give assurance of an honest purpose to adhere to this principle (within the constitutional limits) in its entirety, and shall begin by aiding to restore to the town-meeting its primitive force in our system, will deserve well of the country, and will have a strong claim upon the support of the rising generations.

But it is by no means to the Democratic party that we have to look for progress in this direction. In contradiction of its name, this party is still, as it always has been, essentially the aristocratic party of the country. So long as it could it perpetuated slavery—the oppression of many that a few might live in indolence. Its strength to-day lies in the subjection of ignorant masses to a control which will not enure to their benefit. It is not in the ranks of this party that are to be found the self-acting, self-supporting, independent-reasoning, individually-distinct atoms which make up the sound and healthy material of a true republic.

The States, of whose rights the Democratic party is so jealous, represent in our system the aristocratic element, as opposed to the popular element. They are the conservative check imposed by the Constitution upon the direct expression of the will of the people. Moving, as they necessarily do, with greater deliberation to exercise their function in the general organization, and with their six-year delegates to it, only one-third of whom is changed at a time, they form a standing counterpoise to too sudden and rash movements of popular sentiment. But any increase of their due relative weight in the system disturbs the nicely adjusted equilibrium, and is a menace to the freedom of the popular will.

The Senate, which consists of the representatives of States, as distinguished from the representatives of the people, is our American House of Lords. If, unlike their European prototypes, their honors are not hereditary, and they do not possess the acres which they represent, yet it must be confessed that, in the full appreciation of their privileges, some of them have shown themselves not inapt scholars of their feudal models. Have we not seen, even in our day, how one of them will swallow you a State—ay, and a big one too—without so much as blinking, or even blushing? And, worse yet, how he will keep it down?

Now the greater the emphasis given to the power of the States as such in the general government, the more powerful, it is clear, become their special representatives to it. Is it the wish of the American people, as the result of their experience, to swell the importance of these our lords? to multiply their prerogatives? to enlarge their powers? to protract their sway?

Does the people wish to see sitting in one of its halls at the national capital an Oligarchy, established in defiant perpetuity, running with usurped power, for their own aggrandizement, a stupendous aggregate machine? Or does the people think that it can interpret its own wishes, keep its own conscience, select its own Chief Magistrate for itself, quite as well as any it might appoint, or who may appoint themselves, to exercise these functions for it?

To the former of these two alternatives, as well as to the pernicious results we have recently in our history witnessed, does the excessive cultivation of State Rights tend.

We have seen already how this doctrine has been employed by the Democratic party to encourage secession, to legitimize the abrupt sundering by States at will of the national tie, to facilitate the dismemberment of the Union. We have yet to learn what an instrument it may be made by the so-called Democratic party, for the wresting from the people of its legitimate control, to be lodged in the hands of a powerful few.

But, objectionable as is this Democratic doctrine of State Rights, we must yet in justice concede to it the merit of being at least a principle, and we must acknowledge its further distinction of being the only one to which the Democratic party lays claim.

In a contest where otherwise its only aims are for the spoils—for office and power for their own sakes—it is something to have one principle to hang to, even though it be a mistaken one. As such the Democratic party is to be congratulated upon having this legend upon its escutcheon, and is entitled to receive all the credit which attaches to its undisputed possession of it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OCTOBER, with its brilliant-hued forest trees, offers many attractions to city people who have lingered among the mountains and in pleasant country places. And the crisp, frosty air of autumn mornings is most invigorating. But when lately Mount Washington and Mount Lafayette showed their summits white with snow, there was a general flight from the boarding-houses and hotels in the vicinity. Nevertheless, one snow-storm does not make a winter, any more than one swallow a summer, and there will yet come some delicious October days, when the soft sunshine on the gayly colored landscape will make pictures more charming by far than those disclosed by a midsummer sun.

A little while before Ole Bull died he asked his wife to play Mozart's Requiem on the large organ in the magnificent music hall of his château on the island of Lysoen. While she was playing he passed away peacefully and without pain. The Norwegian government paid unusual honors to his memory. The King sent telegrams of condolence to the family; a government steamer was sent on the day of the burial to bring the remains to Bergen, with fourteen other steamers as an escort, all draped in mourning, with flags at half-mast. On landing, the body was transferred to a funeral car drawn by four horses; an immense procession was formed, preceded by sixteen young girls, clad in mourning, and during the march to the cemetery there was funeral music, tolling of bells, and the booming of guns from the fortresses near the harbor. All business in the city was suspended during the funeral ceremonies, the houses draped in mourning, and the street along the route of the procession was strewn with evergreens and flowers.

In the new volumes which two of our veteran poets give us—*Ultima Thule*, by Longfellow, and *The Iron Gate, and Other Poems*, by Holmes—the thought of old age seems ever present; but the tone of the poems, though quiet and pensive, is never sorrowful. Dr. Holmes speaks of Age thus:

> "What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,
> Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime;
> Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,
> The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time."

The Executive Committee of the City Mission, composed of leading ministers and laymen of various churches, are quietly yet vigorously pushing forward the work of city evangelization. This society has now completed the fifty-third year of its beneficent operations. There is not a dollar of debt resting upon any of its property, and it is the settled policy of the society not to incur any. The annual report gives a vast amount of information relating to the churches and charities of the city, and abounds in statements of missionary labors and their results. The society commends itself to the confidence and support of the Christian public.

The business of the New York Post-office has increased so much during the past month that it has been necessary to employ forty additional clerks. In one week $67,500 worth of stamps were sold, and on one day 60,000 newspapers were stamped.

From time immemorial the Chinese language has found expression on paper in thousands of distinct symbols. Recently an alphabet has been invented, consisting of thirty-three characters, by which all the sounds of the Chinese language can be expressed. Whether the people of China will admit such a change in their long-established custom remains to be seen.

During the past six or seven years nearly nine thousand patients have been under treatment in the London Temperance Hospital, without the slightest deviation from its total abstinence principles. Strict rules prevail as to the use of alcohol, and practically it is rarely if ever prescribed. The cases are of ordinary severity, many painful operations among the number, yet the mortality has been only about four and a half per cent. In view of this fact, the beneficial use of alcohol as a tonic may well be seriously questioned.

There is a plan proposed of securing the mammoth steam-ship, the *Great Eastern*, to run between London, New Orleans, and Galveston, to take out cotton and other produce, and bring back immigrants. The success of the plan will depend in a great measure upon the disposition of the people in receiving these immigrants, giving them the necessary assistance in securing homes, and providing them with employment.

The remarkable work of reconstructing the railroad suspension-bridge across the Niagara River has just been completed without interruption to traffic. The feasibility of the plan was doubted by many prominent engineers, but the building of an iron and steel bridge out of a wooden one by a process of substitution, which has not occasioned the slightest interruption of trains, has been successfully accomplished.

The piano used by Beethoven was made at Pesth nearly a century ago. It is now to be sold, and two noted dealers in artistic relics have gone from London as rivals in the bidding, which takes place at Klausenberg, where the owner of the piano lives.

The State of California was thirty years old on the 9th day of last September. It has good reason to be proud of the progress it has made since it was admitted into the Union as one of the States of the republic. It has grown in wealth, population, in education, in the development of agricultural and mining resources, and many of its fertile valleys are adorned with beautiful homes.

By special request the poet Longfellow has recently sketched with his own hand the "village smithy" and "spreading chestnut-tree" immortalized in the "Village Blacksmith." The sketch is to adorn a Christmas card, and Mr. Longfellow selected as an appropriate accompaniment the first two lines of the poem:

> "Under the spreading chestnut-tree
> The village smithy stands."

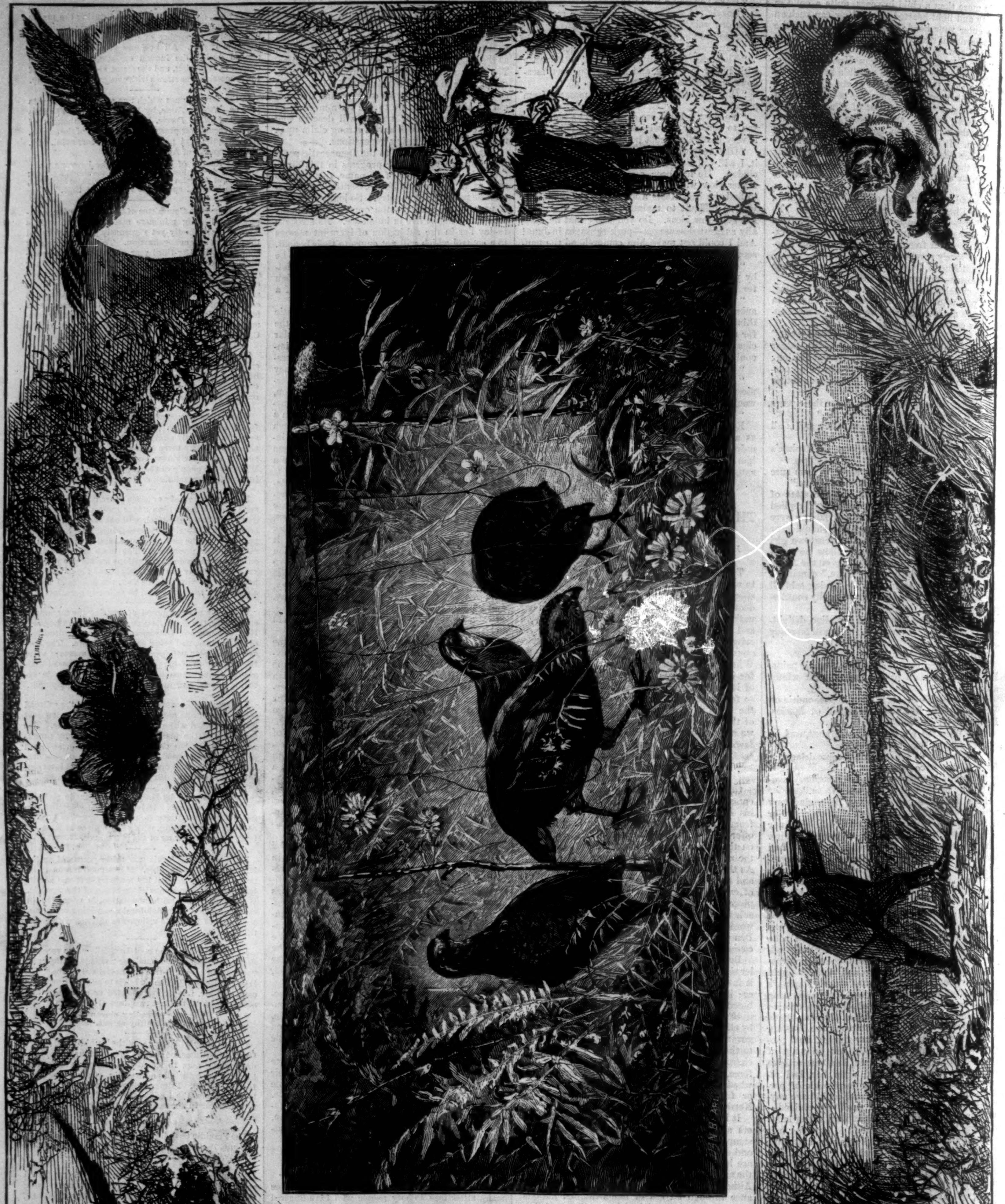
Opportunity will be given at the Franklin and Spring Garden institutes, of Philadelphia, to four or five hundred young men to spend their winter evenings in learning the principles of drawing. Only a very small fee is required. Primary instruction only is given in these schools, the higher classes of art work being provided for in the schools of the Academy of Fine Arts.

The Franklin Search Party which sailed in the *Eothen* in June, 1878, under the auspices of the Geographical Society, arrived at New Bedford on September 22.

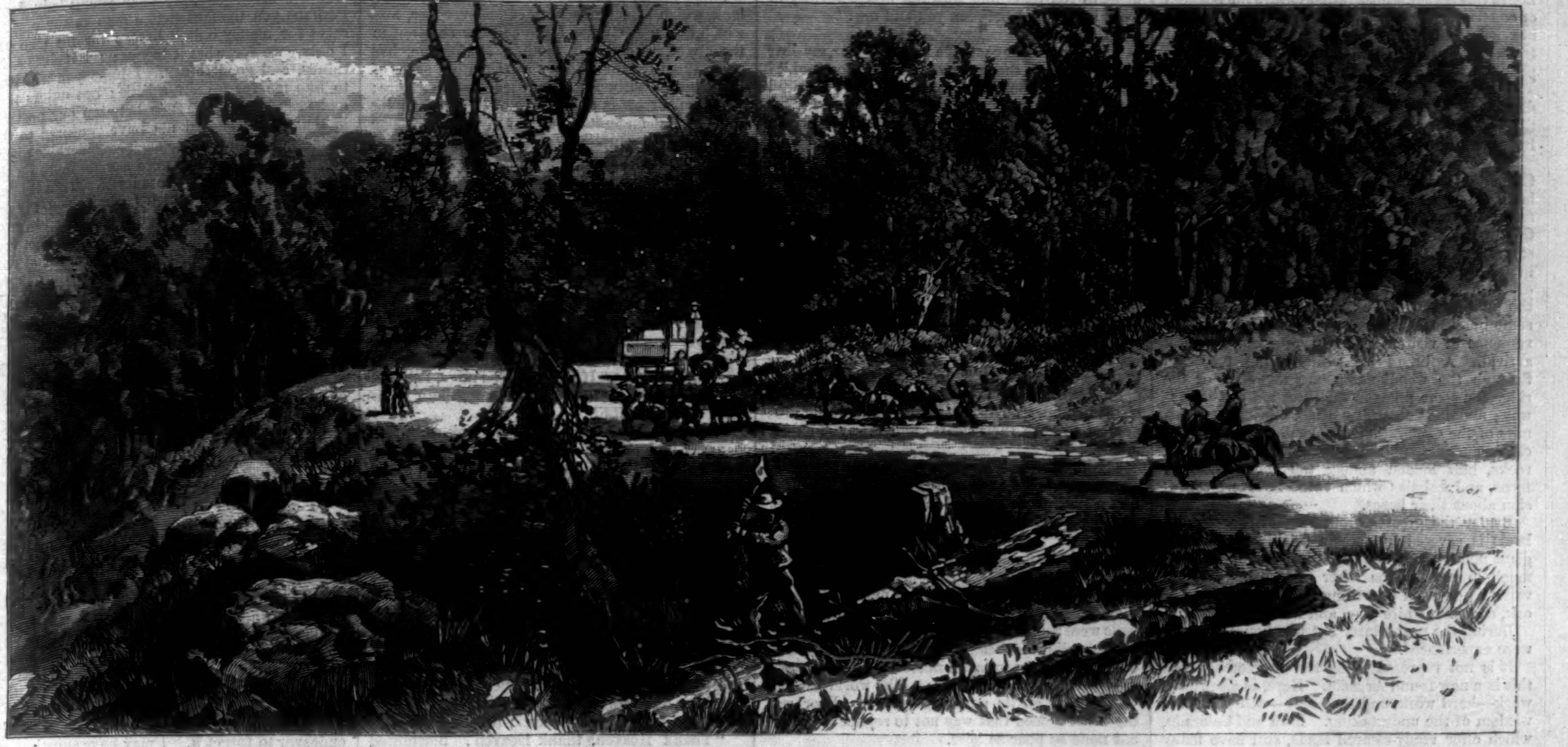
Memphis has had a celebration over the continued good health of the city. The inhabitants are reaping the natural results of attention to sanitary regulations, which, if they had been made and enforced years ago, would have saved the lives of hundreds.

Although the pear crop this year was almost a failure, grapes are very abundant and cheap. Now is the time to try the "grape cure." We are not certain exactly what diseases grapes are supposed to cure, but think a free use of them might safely be recommended in numerous cases. Plenty of ripe fruit, taken at proper times, is likely to save doctors' bills.

The most careful and complete precautions were taken to secure the personal safety of the Czar of Russia during a recent journey undertaken by him. Officials, military, and peasants were constantly employed for twenty-four hours without intermission at all the places touched by the train *en route* until the Czar had actually passed. The rolling stock was carefully examined, the bridges inspected, and the houses adjacent to the line thoroughly searched by the local police. Peasants were employed to stand at distances of about thirty paces from one another along the line. The military stood in file at the portions of the route intrusted to them; at night the whole line was illuminated by torches.



THE QUAIL AND ITS ENEMIES.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 666.]



CENTRAL AVENUE.

THE NEW RUGBY.

About the close of the year 1877 an association was formed by a number of Bostonians for the promotion of migration to unoccupied farming lands, diverting surplus labor from the over-full workshops of the East "to the tillage of the earth—the basis of all industries, and the primary source of all wealth." This organization adopted the somewhat peculiar title of "Board of Aid to Land Ownership."

Extensive journeys of observation were made by committees sent out under the auspices of the Board, embracing tours through the principal grain-producing areas of the West and South. It was not until the following May that the highlands in East Tennessee were noticed. A second visit was made during the summer of 1878, when the corresponding slope upon the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina, was also visited, after which the Board presented the following opinion:

"That the mountain plateau of East Tennessee, in consideration of its climate, soil, elevation, sufficiently level surface, timber, water, mineral resources, accessibility, natural mechanical facilities, and attractive aspects; its proximity to a refined civilization, educational advantages, and markets, with the kindly disposition of its present population—offers greater opportunity for the accomplishment of the design of this Board than any other tract visited in travel for six months, and over a distance of about twenty thousand miles, in Western and Southern States."

The well-known loyalty of the people of this section to the Union was doubtless a factor in this favorable conclusion. During the past few years, as the financial prospects of the United States have brightened, those of Great Britain have in a reverse ratio become depressed. By a fortunate circumstance the attention of certain English gentlemen of prominence was directed to the Boston project, and as a result the scene of operations was transferred to London. The English company was registered upon January 22, 1879, and at once began to secure lands in Scott, Morgan, Fentress, and Overton counties, Tennessee, along the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, which was then rapidly approaching its southern terminus at Chattanooga.

The Presidency of the Board was accepted by **Thomas Hughes**, Esq., Q.C., who has long since, by word and pen, earned the distinction of being the champion of the rising generation, and who hopes to find at least a partial solution of the vexed question, "What shall England do with her boys and girls?"

With characteristic English incisiveness, Mr. **Hughes** has visited the section selected in Tennessee, and has devoted himself to the minutest preliminaries of colonization, his faith in the ultimate success of the enterprise being such that numbers of his own family are among those who have already arrived.

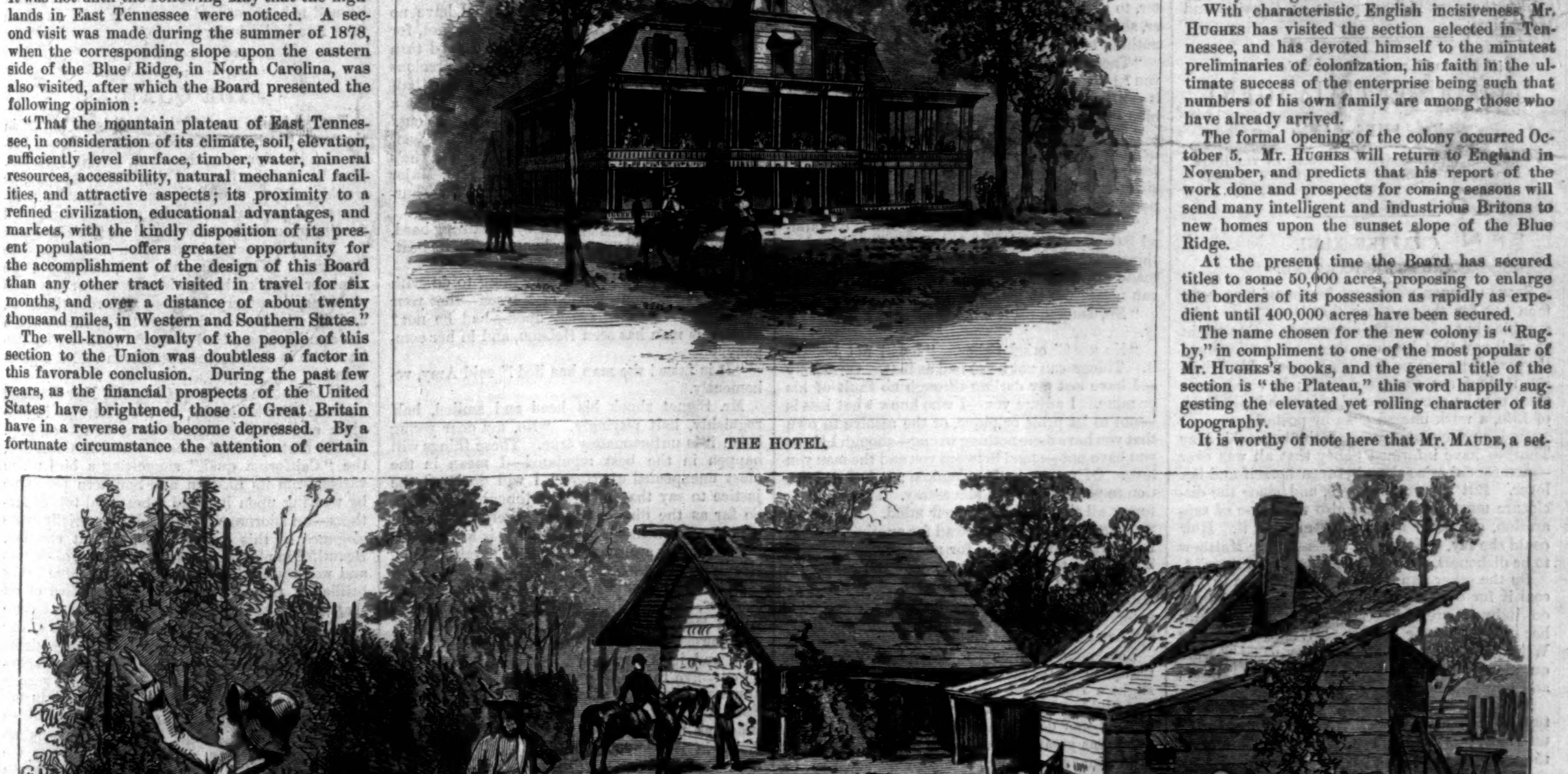
The formal opening of the colony occurred October 5. Mr. **Hughes** will return to England in November, and predicts that his report of the work done and prospects for coming seasons will send many intelligent and industrious Britons to new homes upon the sunset slope of the Blue Ridge.

At the present time the Board has secured titles to some 50,000 acres, proposing to enlarge the borders of its possession as rapidly as expedient until 400,000 acres have been secured.

The name chosen for the new colony is "Rugby," in compliment to one of the most popular of Mr. **Hughes**'s books, and the general title of the section is "the Plateau," this word happily suggesting the elevated yet rolling character of its topography.

It is worthy of note here that Mr. **Maude**, a set-

THE HOTEL.



THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

SCENES IN RUGBY—THE ENGLISH COLONY IN TENNESSEE.—From Sketches by Frank H. Taylor.

tler in this region, whose father enjoys the position of equerry to the Queen, proposes importing some blooded animals next season for the purpose of trying the experiment of stock-raising upon the plateau.

Clearings have been made, and an English garden has produced vegetables this summer in quantity and quality which fully justify the belief that fruit-growing will prove highly remunerative.

The unfailing waters of the White Oak and Clear Fork wind for many miles through the lands of the colony, in cañons of sandstone rock from 100 to 250 feet deep, and it is upon a portion of the property near the confluence of these streams that the central town has been laid out in park-like irregularity, with an abundant variety of town lots, and plenty of spaces reserved for the public uses of the people forever. A handsome hotel has just been completed for the convenience of visitors and settlers upon their first arrival. A broad avenue is being projected through the woodlands along the crest of the ridge for some miles in the direction of the railway; and most charming of all, a bridle-path admits of the exploration of the cañons beneath the cliffs, and among the Titanic, lichen-bespotted rocks, half hidden among the rhododendrons, ferns, and kalmias which twine in lovely confusion about their bases.

By far the greater proportion of the colonial lands is covered by forests, thickly studded by giant pines, which, converted into lumber, will do much to pay for the labor of clearing. Other varieties of wood prevailing are several kinds of oak, chestnut, white pine, and hickory.

During the past winter but five hours of snow were experienced.

It is not represented by the directorship that this is a new-found Arcadia. Here, as elsewhere, work—hard work, and that only—will prove the wisdom of the undertaking. Iowa and Colorado, which offer ready-cleared lands, still have many arguments in their favor.

Life-long residents of this section readily admit their surprise at this attempt to redeem these low-priced mountain lands, from every foot of which the timber must be cleared, and which sets at defiance all preconceived notions in favor of bottom-lands. It is to be remembered, however, that here for nearly the entire year the climate is delightful beyond anything the English know, that markets are close at hand, and the soil is favorable to the reception and retention of phosphates. The production of corn, wheat, or stock beyond that required for home use can hardly pay, but attention to fruit culture, especially of pears and grapes, should bring a speedy reward. Upon similar ground, just across the mountains, the famous Asheville tobacco is raised, which commands the very highest prices at Danville and Lynchburg.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ANOTHER PARTING.

Self-sacrifice would not be thought so common but for the pretense that is made to it by anything but self-sacrificing persons. One might as well say that because there are professional beggars there are no deserving poor. Like charity, it does not commend itself; in some cases there may be even no record of it save in the Book of Life, a work unread even by posterity.

Under no circumstances, I think, would Amy Thurlow have informed Sabey that all was over—and for Sabey's sake—between herself and her lover. But as matters were, and since the disclosure must needs reveal also the cause of separation, she never dreamed of making it. How could she say, "My Frank believes your Matthew to be dishonest, and is therefore mine no more"?

On the other hand, she could only hope to conceal it for a brief space. Sabey, though bowed down by so great a weight of sorrow, had still her sympathies for others. "Where is Frank? Why does not Frank come here as usual?" were questions she was sure to ask sooner or later; and how should she be answered?

It was bad enough for Amy to feel the tie between Uncle Stephen and herself strained to the uttermost; all the old cordiality gone, and in the place of it, on her part, a stern resentment, and on his a pitiful deprecation of it.

On the evening of that last interview with Mr. Barlow she had told Mr. Durham, in as few words as possible, what had happened between them. It was absolutely necessary to do so to explain the young lawyer's absence from the house, and the old man had listened to her with a composure which, though she well knew it was far from indifference, had made her task comparatively easy.

"I foresaw all this, Amy," he had answered, quietly. "You tell me that there was nothing for you but to release him from an engagement which in his view of the case must involve disgrace to him. You do not tell me that there was another reason for your separation; but you had another."

"Do not press me for that, Mr. Durham."

"It is unnecessary, Amy, for I know it. You are silent upon it for my sake, because I am in the same condemnation as Frank himself. Only because I am Matthew's uncle, and have loved him as a father loves his child, you are content in my case to overlook my transgression."

"Of course I can never forget what you have done for him, and for all of us, Mr. Durham."

He moved his hand in a deprecating manner. "That is little to the purpose now, my dear. May I ask whether Mr. Barlow made any explicit statement to you regarding Matthew independently of what has passed between you and me?"

"He did not."

"Then you have cast off a man of honor, my dear girl. One in a thousand, one in ten thousand."

"Do you suppose I do not know that?" inquired she, bitterly.

"Oh, Faith, Faith, how hard is the measure you exact from us poor mortals!" murmured Uncle Stephen. "The Gospel itself was not all good tidings; a man's foes, it says, shall for its sake be those of his own household. Husband against wife, and lover against sweetheart. As it was then, so it is now. But suppose it is not true, Amy?"

"The Gospel?"

"No; your faith in Matthew."

"To me, Mr. Durham, it is as true as Gospel. True as to one who lived in those times and saw the miracles and knew the Man. Pray do not let us two speak of this; it is bad enough to *feel* that we differ upon it."

So from that time they never spoke together—oh, sad companionship!—of the matter that was nearest to both their hearts and always in their minds.

The next morning, while Sabey and her sister were together, there came at Frank's usual hour—for he now always looked in before departing for the City—a ring at the door-bell. But Amy did not move.

"My darling, there is Mr. Barlow," said Sabey, softly.

The tears were in her eyes that morning, though they were very rarely there. For the Christmas bells were ringing through the frosty air and awakening terrible recollections. That "sorrow's crown of sorrows," the remembrance of happier days, was pressing hard upon her. The world without was putting on its gayest garments. Poor was the heart indeed that was not to rejoice that day; but none so poor as hers.

"Mr. Barlow will not come to-day, Sabey."

"Why not?" she asked, with quick anxiety, for the other's voice had something strange in it. "There is nothing wrong between you? No quarrel?"

"No, darling; no quarrel. But he is not coming here any more."

"Not coming? What do you mean, Amy?" she exclaimed, excitedly. "If he has lost you, it must be my doing. Oh, I see what it is; you have been too full of sorrow for me and Matthew. Men can not bear a divided allegiance, and you have chosen between him and me to your own ruin."

Sabey's agitation and distress were so extreme that, although it had been Amy's intention to put forward some such reason (though in a greatly modified form) as had suggested itself to her sister, to account for her estrangement from her lover, she cried out, "No, Sabey, no, indeed, you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"Then what can it be that has come between you? If you have not sent him away for my sake, it can not be for your own. Oh, Amy, is it possible that Frank is jealous?"

Amy bowed in assent, for she dared not trust herself to speak. It was true that Frank was jealous; and at all events it was better that her sister should imagine that to be the cause of their parting than that she should seek further for it.

"How sad of him! how mad of him!" exclaimed Sabey. "I could never have believed such a thing of Frank. It must be all explained and made up at once. I myself will go to him. He can not refuse to listen to poor me."

"No, dearest, no, it is no use," said Amy, gravely.

"No use?" cried Sabey. "I will not believe it. Things can not be so bad as that. Oh—Amy—I have lost my darling through no fault of his or mine. I adjure you—I who know what loss is—not to let pride or pique, or the resolve to own that you have done nothing wrong—though I know you have not—stand between you and the man you love. Of course he is mistaken; it is his devotion to you that has led him astray. Forgive him; forget all that rankles in your mind. Let me be your ambassador; I can plead for another, though I am weary of pleading for myself; and, Amy, it is my duty to do so. For though you say I am not to blame, yet it was through Matthew that Mr. Signet—for that is the man, of course—first entered this house. Oh, do not let this new misery be at Matthew's door!"

She spoke with such force and passionate entreaty as was a marvel to behold, in one of so slight a frame and weakened by so many days and nights of bitterest woe.

Amy was deeply moved, while her embarrassment was greatly increased by her sister's line of argument, since it led, although by accident, to the very point she had wished her to avoid. The cause of Amy's misery did lie at Matthew's door, which her scruples for the truth prevented her from denying point-blank.

Fortunately, at this moment the maid entered. "If you please, miss, Mr. Signet has called, and wishes to see you on very particular business."

"Very good; tell him I will be with him immediately," said Amy.

But when the maid had gone, "You must not go," said Sabey. "I will see Mr. Signet instead of you. Of course there is no harm in your seeing him, but Frank will think so. The breach between you must not be widened."

"No, Sabey, no," returned the other, resolutely. "Mr. Signet has a right to see me, and alone. We have a little secret together."

"A secret?" interrupted Sabey.

"Nothing, dear, that any one can be jealous about," continued Amy, with a sad smile. "I will never see him again save in your presence, I promise you that; but this one time I must."

"Does Frank know of this secret?" inquired Sabey, gravely.

"He does, darling; nothing can alter what I have been talking to you about, but Frank does know."

Sabey spoke no more, but sat with that dazed look which sometimes now came over her, and which one sees on the faces of poor children in the street, whose only mother, Misfortune, has given them for their dowry a premature sense of life's burden without the knowledge of its nature; to whom sorrow is as the love of God to happier souls, past understanding. Amy pressed one passionate kiss upon her forehead and hurried out of the room.

Mr. Signet had come, no doubt, she thought, about that matter of the reward he was about to offer for the discovery of Matthew in reply to Lady Pargiter's cruel insult. Under such circumstances it might have been expected that the jeweller would have worn a look of self-satisfaction, but his appearance was far otherwise. He looked pale and anxious and agitated.

"Dear Miss Amy, I have bad news," were his first words.

"We are used to that in this house," she answered, bitterly. "If you had good news, I should say, 'Break it gently'; but as it is, there is no fear. What is it?"

"Well, that is as good a way to look at it, perhaps, as under the circumstances is possible, my dear young lady. We now know the worst, that's all."

"Then Matthew is dead?" She had overrated her strength, and felt the room go round with her as she put the question; her hand mechanically sought the wall to support herself. But when the jeweller hurried forward to offer her his assistance she waved him off with an expression that was almost one of loathing. "I am better now," she said, in a low but resolute tone. "I can bear the truth; what is it?"

"Well, I am very sorry—sorry for myself, of course; but if you will only believe it, Miss Amy, ten times more sorry for you—but it's all up about Mr. Helston. He is not dead; no, no, not that."

"Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" murmured Amy.

"But they have brought it home to him about the jewels. He is in Paris trying to sell them. He has been seen there."

"It is false!" cried Amy.

"My dear young lady, it is true. There can be no two opinions about the matter. I have it from Sir Charles Pargiter's own mouth. This is how it happened. I advertised the reward, as agreed upon, giving it to her in Moore Street pretty stiff, as you may see—it's in the paper here—and I also printed some placards. One of them was left at her door last evening in return for her kind attention to Mrs. Helston. It fell into the hands of Sir Charles, it seems, who came round to me in person. He is not a bad sort, taking him all round, and he hates his wife like poison. 'Now, look here, Signet,' he says, 'you and I have no quarrel together.' (As indeed we have not, for between ourselves I have done him a good turn in my time.) 'Well, I have seen that precious placard of yours, which has driven my lady half frantic. You are running your head against a stone wall, my friend. The murder's out.' 'Murder?' said I. 'You don't mean to say poor Helston is murdered?' 'Not he,' says he; 'he's alive enough, and in Paris. My friend, Major Lovell—' Do you know that name, Miss Thurlow?"

"I know the name," said Amy, breathing hard, and with her hand upon her heart to still its beating.

"I thought so. He had something to do with some young person—name of Mayson—that your brother-in-law was sweet upon—had he not? Well, this man has seen Helston, and in her company."

"It is false! the man has lied!" said Amy, vehemently.

Mr. Signet shook his head and smiled, half roguishly, half pityingly. "No, my dear young lady; it is unfortunately true. These things will happen in the best regulated—I mean in the most unexpected quarters. I will do Brail the justice to say that he always thought it was so. So far as the diamonds are concerned—I mean who has got them—the whole thing is at an end."

"Then why are you come here?" inquired Amy, sternly.

"Nay, you should not ask that," returned the jeweller, reprovingly. "I was in hopes, my dear young lady, that you might have guessed why. The jewels, I say, are gone, I am afraid irrevocably; and it is I who will have to bear the loss. Twenty-five thousand pounds is a large sum for any man to pay out of pocket. But it won't ruin Star & Signet. No, not if it had been three times as much. As the diamonds are without doubt in Helston's possession, Lady Pargiter is no longer responsible for their loss, and she has no more interest in prosecuting him. It is I, in fact, who become the prosecutor. Now I don't mean to prosecute Matthew Helston. Can you guess why?"

"Indeed, sir, I can not," answered Amy, slowly. She experienced a difficulty in collecting her thoughts, like one who has but just recovered from some physical blow. "Matthew is no more guilty of this crime, Mr. Signet, than I am. I don't care what Major Lovell says, nor what any man says; nor would I believe an angel from heaven—who would, however, only seem like one, for he must have been sent from the Father of Lies to say such things—nevertheless, I admit that from your point of view you are acting with great generosity. You wish to spare us; you would forbear to add another weight to the load it has pleased God to lay upon my poor sister."

"I am not thinking of your sister, Miss Amy," returned the jeweller, frankly, "though of course I am sorry for her. What I wish to say is, that I am prepared to forego my claim upon the missing jewels—though I need not say I would recover them if I could—to abstain from taking any proceedings against your brother-in-law; and, in a word, to hush up this unfortunate matter, in return for just one little word from your lips. You are astonished, my dear young lady, I see. Perhaps you thought that a man in my position cares for money only, whereas for my own part I only care for what it brings; for it does bring things, and good things. I hope you will learn to like me for myself a little; but unless there had been some difference between our positions in that way I should not have ventured to thus address you, there being such considerable disproportion in another. I need say no more on that head, for you are sharpness itself. That is one of the many things for which I admire you, my dear Miss Amy; you are so intelligent, indeed in every way so desirable, and, I am sure, a perfect lady. Perhaps you think that I should repent at some future time having cast in my lot with one who has the misfortune to be connected with—ahem!—there is no need to pursue that subject. I can only say that if your hesitation arises from that consideration, it becomes you."

"It does not arise from any such source, Mr. Signet," returned Amy, firmly. "If I have seemed to hesitate to reply to you it was for your own sake; I have been endeavoring to place myself in your position. My difficulty has been to persuade myself that you had no intention of insulting me."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Signet.

"I acquit you of any such purpose, sir," she continued; "nay, more, I perceive that I ought to be grateful to you that you have proposed to yourself a self-sacrifice which I ought to appreciate. My unhappy position must be my excuse for not entertaining that feeling. It is not that, however, which prevents me from accepting what I understand to be your offer of marriage; under no possible circumstances could I accede to it."

"You surprise me very much indeed," said Mr. Signet. "If you would but take time to think about it—"

"On the contrary," interrupted Amy, "I shall endeavor to forget it. I may have surprised you, but I can not have distressed you, Mr. Signet. And for my own part I can only thank you for a compliment misplaced."

How it was Amy left the room Mr. Signet never quite understood; he only knew that he suddenly found himself alone in it, mopping his forehead with a pocket-handkerchief.

"'A compliment!'" he murmured. "What the deuce did she mean by that? Twenty-five thousand pounds as good as gone, and the girl gone too! And she talks of compliments! Never in all my life was I connected with a speculation so disastrous. There must be something, surely, to the *per contra*." It was his sanguine habit to believe this whenever anything went wrong with him in trade. "Perhaps there's madness in the family; that's it—she's mad. She must be mad to have refused a man like me. In which case I've had a lucky escape."

[to be continued.]

THE QUAIL.

The plaintive note of the quail is still heard in the land, but his existence is one continuous battle with the elements, the snare, vermin, and man. Had he but one foe, and that the sportsman, he would prosper, multiply, and be plentiful. Increase of population, in the sense of contracted feeding grounds, is not antagonistic to his increase; for he often seeks shelter even in the domestic barn-yard. The snare, the owl, the hawk, the mink or skunk, the careless mower or merciless machine, the enterprising boy who robs the nests, and the winter snow-drift, are the agencies which are annihilating a bird as useful to the agriculturist as he is dear to the sportsman and the gourmand.

He is known as the quail in the New England and the Middle States; as the partridge in Virginia and the Southern sections of the country. By the first appellation he is called in California, the "California quail" suggesting a bird which varies from its Eastern and Southern prototype by wearing upon its head a beautiful tuft of feathers—an adornment which adds materially to the elegance of this graceful and gallant creature. Beautiful in plumage, compact of build, of elegant and well-rounded form, an eye remarkable for its brilliancy, the *tout ensemble* is suggestive of all that is high-bred. His hardy and robust nature peculiarly fits him to cope with the rigors of our climate, and he succumbs only to the exceptional severity of an occasional winter. He is gregarious in his habits—a hermit quail is never seen—although he has every inducement to seek in solitary meditation the inevitable extinction which awaits him and his kind. As a lover he is aggressive, pugnacious, and prodigal; and as the father of a family he shines in all those virtues of self-sacrifice and devotion which by contrast elevate him so far above our so-called superior race. As an architect or builder he fashions his nest with a carelessness inexplicable in a bird of such otherwise exceptional sagacity. The female deposits from twelve to eighteen eggs in a nest built under a bush or tuft of grass. Two broods in the season are usually reared by one pair. While the female is sitting on her second batch of eggs, the male takes charge of the first brood. Later in the season all unite under the leadership of the parents. Although timid by nature, the quail while sitting upon the nest or rearing her young, seems lost to all sense of fear, and is prolific in devices to distract attention from the locality of her nest or skulking brood. The scythe may whistle within an inch of her head, yet she remains motionless, and clings resolutely to her post, particularly when the young are about to escape from the shell.

In Europe the quail is migratory. In the season vast numbers pass from Africa into Southern Europe. In their flight across the island of Capri their capture in nets profitably employs a large number of people. In this country they are not migratory. They may make short journeys for change of food or climate, but their range is limited, and they remain usually near the place of their birth. It is a notable fact that on Long Island, during the hot weather, the quail leave the middle of the island and seek cooler quarters near the sea. This migration is performed on foot, the short distance they have to travel being accomplished in a single day or night. On the approach of cooler weather the wanderers return to their homes.

The care which has recently been given to the breeding of a better class of sporting dogs has awakened an interest in quail-shooting which it did not formerly so generally possess. The multiplication of sportsmen has been in proportion far beyond that of the quail. This does not particularly distress or diminish the latter, and there is yet a wide margin for any injurious augmentation of the number of the former. A good quail-shot is rare. The birds spring from the ground with a rush and a startling whir exceedingly discomposing to the nerves of any but those accustomed to it. Moreover, the birds, when they rise, often scatter in the most eccentric fashion. The sportsman must be cool and self-possessed if he hopes to secure a result with the second barrel, and the novice will be lucky if he be successful even with the first. To bag a November quail is within the reach of only the *cordons bleus* of the profession. When a covey has been shot at, the survivors—and commonly a majority survives—fly a short distance, when they alight. So soon as they touch the ground every bird looks out for himself, and seeks safety as may seem to him best. If thick underbrush be near at hand, they seek its shelter, and find a secure asylum. The quail, moreover, possesses the power of withholding his scent.

Under these circumstances, a combination of rare sagacity in the sportsman and the possession of an uncommon fine nose on the part of the dog will often fail to flush the birds a second time. The only thing to do under these circumstances is to seek a fresh covey. In the course of an hour or so, if the birds originally flushed be not in the mean time disturbed, they will congregate together, and permit the dog to point them. Unless a man be an ardent sportsman the fatigue incident to a tramp after quail is apt to damp his ardor; moreover, the increased action of the heart, induced by violent exercise, renders the hand and eye unsteady. It is only necessary to study the movements of a man in the field to determine his status as a sportsman. The expert never hurries. One may kill pigeons from traps, or ducks and snipe over decoys, with tolerable facility, and utterly fail as a shot on upland game. The former is done, as it were, from a rocking-chair, while the latter signifies long and weary tramps through brush and swamp. When the bird is found, he has in his favor the trembling limbs and unsteady eye and nerves of the weary sportsman. Hence the quail will long survive in the land if he has only the shot-gun to encounter.

The cunning devices of the pot-hunter, and the necessities of the bird or beast of prey, are the causes of the growing scarcity of the quail. Foremost among the devices for their capture is the snare. This is a slip-noose of horse-hair. A number of these are placed upon a cord fastened to two posts driven in the ground. They are set usually in the woods, in paths, or at the edge of hedges. The noose is opened, and either laid upon the ground or dangles an inch or more above it. Grain is scattered about the snares. The quail, in feeding, encounter the bait, and in their eagerness unconsciously thrust their heads through the dangling loops. The lightest pressure causes the knots to slip, and the bird is not aware of his peril until the knot is firmly fastened about his throat. The current journals of the day, in their elaborate accounts of death by hanging, describe the fate and sufferings of the unhappy quail when once firmly entangled in the noose. It is not uncommon for an entire covey to fall victims to one set of well-placed snares. On the opening of the season in the autumn the woods are filled with these destructive devices. Almost every farmer's lad adds to his pocket-money from the sale of birds thus trapped. There is, of course, a law prohibiting the use of the snare; it is rarely if ever enforced. Almost all the quail which are sold in the city markets are killed either with the snare or the net. The latter is used principally at the West, where vast numbers are annually netted. In fact, any trap which may be baited with grain can be made available for the capture of this bird; but the most cruel is the horse-hair snare.

Farmers and their employés, ignorant of the value of the quail to the agricultural interests, are positively criminal in the heedlessness with which they permit or assist at the wanton destruction of this bird. It is a notable fact that the devastation committed by the army-worm was less on those farms on which this bird enjoyed some protection than upon those from which he was driven by ill treatment. The quail, feeding close to the ground, searches out and devours the larvæ of the night-flying moth. The same may be said of the meadow-lark, a bird of similar habits. During the harvesting of hay the female quail is still sitting upon her first batch of eggs; the mower often disturbs and exposes to view the nest. The temptation to gather the eggs is often too strong to be resisted; consequently many thousands of unhatched young are annually destroyed. The sweep of the scythe or the knives of the machine frequently annihilate not only the eggs, but the incubating bird as well. Moreover, there exists a class of men, usually foreign, who will as readily shoot the quail when surrounded by her infantile brood, or during the period of incubation, as at the expiration of the close season.

While the growing or grown brood is exerting all its talents to escape the wiles of man, the beast and bird of prey are using all their cunning to circumvent and destroy the quail.

If they escape the domestic cat, it is only to fall victims to skunk or mink. By day the hawk hovers above them, and by night the owl. Even the winter brings them no rest, for then they are smothered in the snow-drift and die by starvation in thousands. The race would long since be extinct were it not that it rears two large and numerous broods in every favorable year.

In the *Confessions of Fitz-Boodle*, by the late Mr. Thackeray, he outlines a series of remunerative professions which may be made available to strengthen and fortify a slender income. To this end, there is a profession open to our farmers of which they have not with any great degree of intelligence devoted themselves—the cultivation of quail.

Many agriculturists possess farms of one hundred acres and upward. The land is available in almost every instance as the habitat of this bird. While the average American may ignore and defy the game-law, the law forbidding trespass enjoys in his eyes a slight respect. Now if every farmer, the possessor of land conforming to the necessary conditions, will encourage the propagation and protection of quail on his own premises, he will secure to himself within a brief period a most profitable crop, and one which less than any other is subject to the vicissitudes of the weather. If he will erect suitable shelter at different points for the quail, where they may be fed and seek refuge during the storms of winter; if he will see to it that nests be not robbed, and the incubating bird killed; that hawks, owls, and other vermin are driven off—he will in the autumn find ample remuneration for his trivial labor. Let him but insert in a city journal an advertisement stating that upon his grounds may be found so many quail; that individuals, for whom he will find accommodation for so much, may for so much kill so many birds per day per man, and no more, he will promptly receive a remunerative return for his efforts. Moreover, if he be a truly good man, and conform outwardly to the conventional forms required by rural ethics, he may without loss of reputation add still more to his revenue by putting the odds in dollars on the quail as against the sportsmen. Gaston Fay.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

The annual State Fair of the Agricultural Association, held in St. Louis, Missouri, the first week in October of each year—said, by-the-way, to be the largest fair held in the United States—is an occasion of great interest. The grounds, comprising more than 200 acres, are elegantly laid out, and furnished with every convenience for the purposes of an exhibition. One of the leading attractions is the collection of wild animals in the Zoological Garden. Here, in well-secured dens, are lions, tigers, hyenas, bears, and other ferocious beasts; and in cages are large numbers of monkeys, birds, and small creatures of various kinds. There are also in fenced inclosures a grown male and female and a young zebra, a noble specimen of the American bison or buffalo, a number of beautiful sacred cows, deer, kangaroos, etc. In a large home of their own are several elephants, who amuse themselves chiefly by slamming the doors until they demolish them. The sea-lion has his circular pond; on the edge stands a house, from the porch of which he takes his plunge-bath. There is amusement for a whole day looking at the animals alone.

There is a large amphitheatre that will hold thousands of spectators, which is the scene of lively competition for all animals. The drive inside is half a mile long, and many fine horses show themselves off to the best advantage on the course. Bulls, cows, mules, horses, jacks, jennies, and all domestic animals are brought in for display and inspection by the judges who award the premiums. The winning animal is indicated by the blue ribbon being attached. Every day a chariot-race enlivens the circle. Outside of this circle, in another part of the grounds, is a regular course where the speed of the blooded stock is daily tried.

Several large buildings are located in different parts of the ground, and devoted to the display of all kinds and classes of articles. Large houses, with long halls and many stalls, are built for sheep and hogs; stalls miles in extent are for horses and cows. No finer cattle than the Short-horn Durham of the States adjacent to Missouri are put on exhibition in this country. No cattle exhibit finer spirit and longer-reaching horns than our Texas neighbors exhibit. The premiums in this department are very liberal.

The special premiums on cotton in bales have been the largest, sometimes exceeding many times the value of the article sent. As high as $25,000 has been paid on cotton alone. The cotton factors of St. Louis have worked with commendable energy, until now their cotton compress yards have been full to overflowing. Eighty thousand bales at one time have been in store at the St. Louis Cotton Compress Company's yards. Special premiums are offered by many associations, firms, and individuals in excess of the $50,000 in premiums given by the Association.

Our artist could not find out whether there was a premium for the cat that could "meow" the loudest or dodge a bootjack the best. But everything else draws a premium. There's a baby show and a dog show.

The ladies' department is exceedingly attractive. Patchwork and embroidery, wax-work and baking, things made on the bias with tucks and frills, all deserve and have their encouraging premiums in cash, medal, or diploma. A blue ribbon attached is indicative of first premium, and in such case is considered becoming to any complexion.

An elegant building is devoted to an art gallery, consisting of four very large rooms, which would do credit to any city in the Union. Premiums are offered in this department this year which will help to stimulate our native artists to renewed exertion.

All places of amusement are taxed to their utmost to entertain the visitors to the fair. Every effort is made to induce them to flock into the city, and the efforts are attended with immense success. Whole communities charter railroad trains or steamboats and come to the fair.

A few years ago some of the citizens organized a society similar to the "Mistick Krewe" of New Orleans. It got up a night procession of tableaux, representing either allegorical pictures, illustrations of classical or fictitious literature, fanciful ideas, or scenes in history.

Each year the society, which is known as the "Veiled Prophets," endeavors to excel the display of all other similar societies and its own former efforts. Many tableaux are formed for the street parade. This year there were twenty-two. Large platforms are placed on heavy trucks, and on these platforms are constructed the designs and tableaux. They are drawn in the procession by four, six, or eight horses led by grooms. Sometimes both horses and grooms are fancifully arrayed. In the procession each truck, or float, as they are called in New Orleans, is kept in a blaze of light by torch-bearers marching on both sides; in addition a brilliant pyrotechnic display is made to render the scene as gorgeous as possible. The whole figure of each person forming the tableaux is enveloped in mask, or mask and drapery. The disguise is complete. Tinsel and gold, sparkling materials of every kind, add to the brilliancy of the scene till it dazzles the eyes of the beholder. After the street parade a grand ball is given in the immense hall of the Merchants' Exchange—96 by 235 feet of unobstructed floor. One of the attractive features of the ball is the presence of the street tableaux maskers, who appear on the ball-room floor until midnight, when, as the clock strikes twelve, they mysteriously disappear. It is almost impossible for a citizen to obtain admission. Nearly all the tickets are reserved for strangers.

Our illustration on page 660 represents a part of the procession as it moves around the Court-house, on the corner of Market and Fifth streets. The "Veiled Prophet" and his retinue visited his loyal subjects this year, and marched on the night of October 5.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

One of the principal drawbacks to Madeira is the difficulty of getting about. There are no carriage roads, and the horse tracks are steep pitches up and down; they are also almost invariably paved with hard pebbles. This renders it impossible to ride anywhere except at a foot's pace, so that the time consumed in going a few miles is very great, and the mode of progression very tiresome. On the other hand, the island ponies, shod in a peculiar manner to encounter the aforesaid roads, are usually sure-footed and good walkers, so that within a certain distance of Funchal pleasant expeditions are to be made if you can find the time and the strength. Thus the fine mountain scenery of the Grand Corral—a gloomy gorge, into which you look down some 2000 feet or so from the mountains overhanging it—the Ribiero Frio, and other landscapes beautiful of their kind, can on well-chosen days be visited without much difficulty. To get further afield is not so easy. There are but few tolerable hotels in the country districts, and you never can be sure that you will not find the higher levels wrapped in mist or drenched with rain, even whilst fine weather is prevailing below. I am speaking of the winter months; anybody who happened to pass a summer in Madeira could visit all parts of the island readily enough.

The remark that there are few comfortable inns out of Funchal does not apply to Santa Cruz (Santa Cruz in Madeira, I mean). The hotel there belongs to a Senhor Gonzalez, but is mainly upheld by the untiring exertions of a worthy woman called Maria. She is a Portuguese by birth, but speaks English quite well, and is indefatigable in her efforts to please. This quiet inn is a pleasant change from the hot tables d'hôtes at Funchal; the village may be perhaps somewhat cooler, and is said to possess a lighter and finer air; it is also well situated as a place to make excursions from. A mile or two beyond it lies the well-known Machico Bay, where, according to tradition, Madeira was first landed upon by the Englishman Machin. The story is that this Machin, an English esquire, incurred the resentment of a powerful family by gaining the affections of the daughter of its chief. He was thrown into prison, but escaped, and then persuaded the lady to elope with him to France. A violent tempest drove their vessel for thirteen days in a southwesterly direction, and at last they found themselves in a small brig on the shores of an unknown island. Here they landed, but the fatigues of the voyage had exhausted the strength of Machin's companion, Anna d'Arfet; she died there, and was there buried. The fragments of a cross erected over her grave are still shown by the Machico villagers. Her lover did not long survive her, and his companions, in their attempt to sail away home, fell into the hands of the Moors. During their captivity they spoke of this island to an old Portuguese pilot, who, on being ransomed, and returning to his own country, suggested and accompanied the first expedition to Madeira, which thus became a dependency of Portugal. Skepticism, of course, has been at work upon this old national tale, but there seems no reason for rejecting the legend, except that it is a legend, and that the fashionable wisdom of the hour pronounces, as usual, anything which has long been a matter of popular belief to be of necessity incredible; otherwise the narrative hangs perfectly well together in all its parts, and, moreover, furnishes a reason why the Portuguese government sent out their expedition a little later to discover the island so reported to them—a reason which otherwise would be wanting. Beyond this bay you can proceed in a boat, along another range of rugged and lofty hills, to the supposed fossil beds at the extremity of the island: these fossils are apparently concretions of lime, which have put on the appearance of branches or roots, as the case may be. An ignorant person would believe that they had formed themselves round real pieces of wood, and that these have decayed, leaving their form to the encompassing stone; but geologists, I fancy, put this opinion aside, and look upon them as being what they are merely in obedience to some caprice of nature; they are not, according to them, fossils at all, but merely a good imitation of fossils.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

How absolute some men are in their conversation! There is Smart, for instance. Said Jones, the other evening, "Do you like dogs?" Jones, by-the-way, is a lover of the animal. "I never ate one," replied Smart, dreamily. "Well, who supposed you did?" exclaimed Jones, with impatience. "If I were to ask if you liked donkey, now?" he continued, with a lingering emphasis on 'donkey.'" Says Smart, ingenuously, "I like you, Jones."

Brigham Young acquired the title of General from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

A writer in a magazine calls a laugh "a side-splitting recreational exercise," and adds, "The sudden ingression of a bold ludicrosity upon our ordinary mental rectitude upsets the very foundation of our gravity, and the unrestrained torrent of emotive drollery sweeps us away."

Some Indians use scalping-knives of tortoise-shell, probably on account of the old fable in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hare.

A certain English general, being at the point of death, opened his eyes, and seeing a consultation of four physicians, who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it's all over with me," and instantly expired.

Speaking of the different ages of this world, to what age do peddlers belong?—The pack-age.

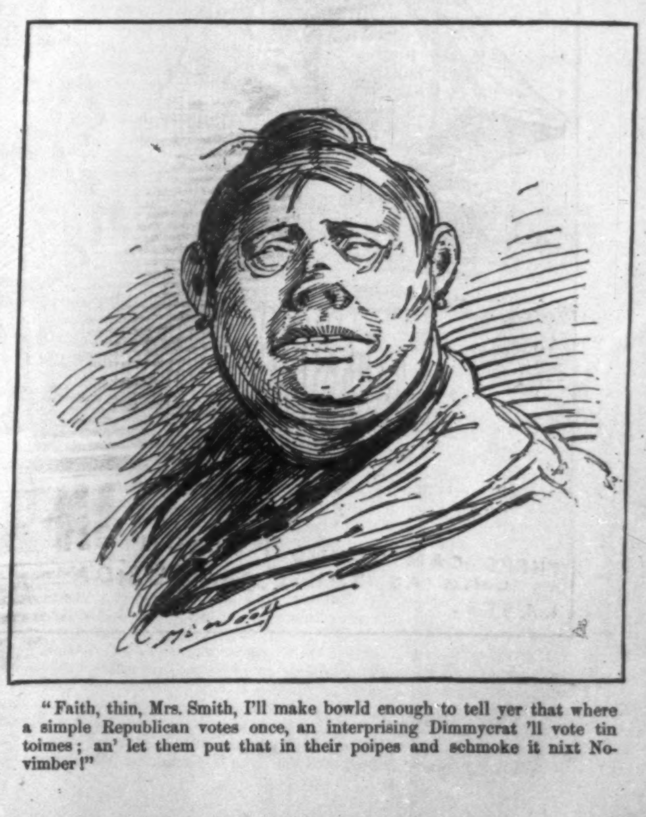
The man who fell out of his bunk on board ship explained that his black eye was a berth-mark.

Professor Huxley calls it a "corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and a central placenta." If you are in a hurry, you can call it primrose instead.

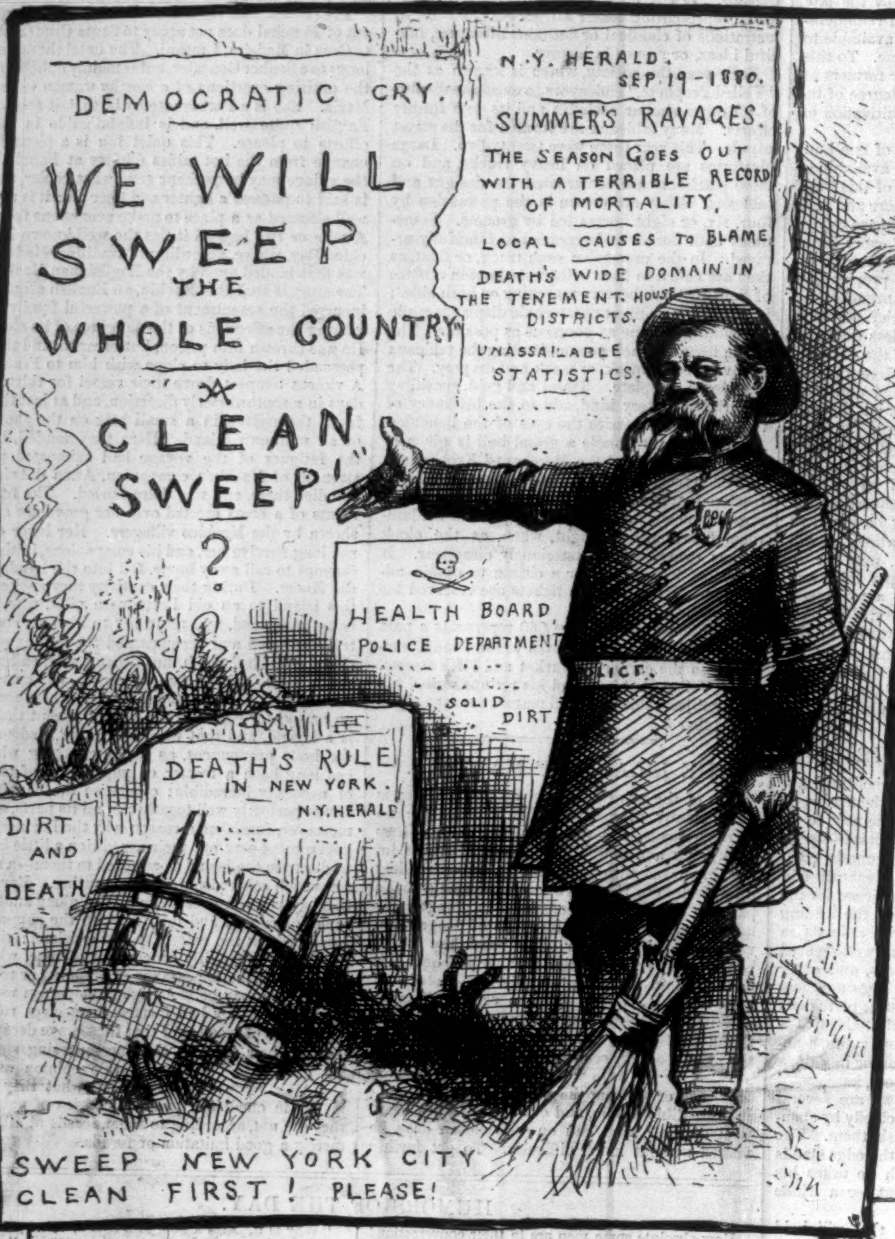
"Why is it," says a bore to a friend, "that you call on me, and never invite me to call on you?" "Well, you see," replies the other, "it is because when I go to your house and you bore me, I can take my hat and go; whereas, if I invited you to my house, and you bored me, I couldn't very well put you out, you know."

There is no accounting for taste: a summons in a breach-of-promise suit against the bridegroom was sent in among the bridal presents at an Iowa wedding.

One of our wholesale dry-goods houses has a new clerk, whose father from the country went in to see him the other day, and was surprised to learn that all the salesmen had nicknames. He asked the floor-walker why his son was called "Jury." "Oh," was the reply, "he is always sitting on cases."



"Faith, thin, Mrs. Smith, I'll make bowld enough to tell yer that where a simple Republican votes once, an interprising Dimmycrat 'll vote tin toimes; an' let them put that in their poipes and schmoke it nixt Novimber!"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UNASSAILABLE STATISTICS.
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DEATH'S RULE IN NEW YORK. N.Y. HERALD
DIRT AND DEATH

SWEEP NEW YORK CITY CLEAN FIRST! PLEASE!

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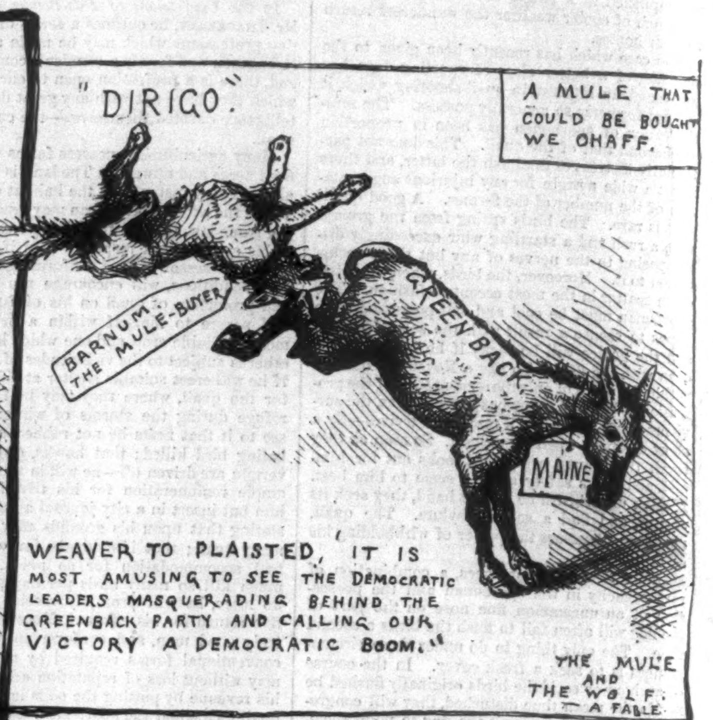
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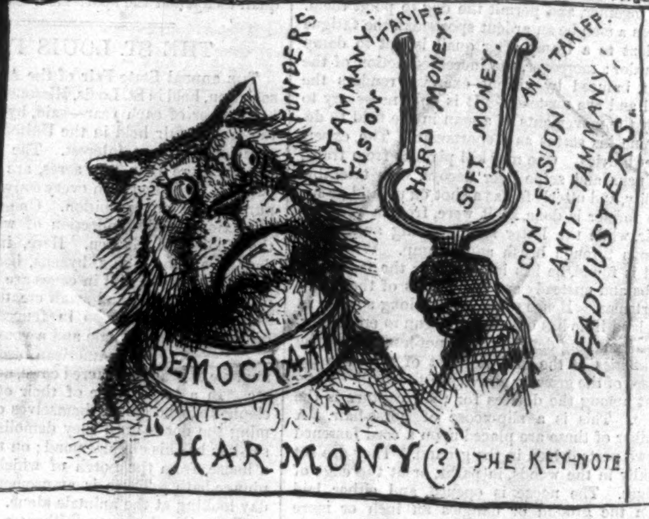
THE MULE AND THE WOLF.
—A FABLE.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TARIFF
HARD MONEY
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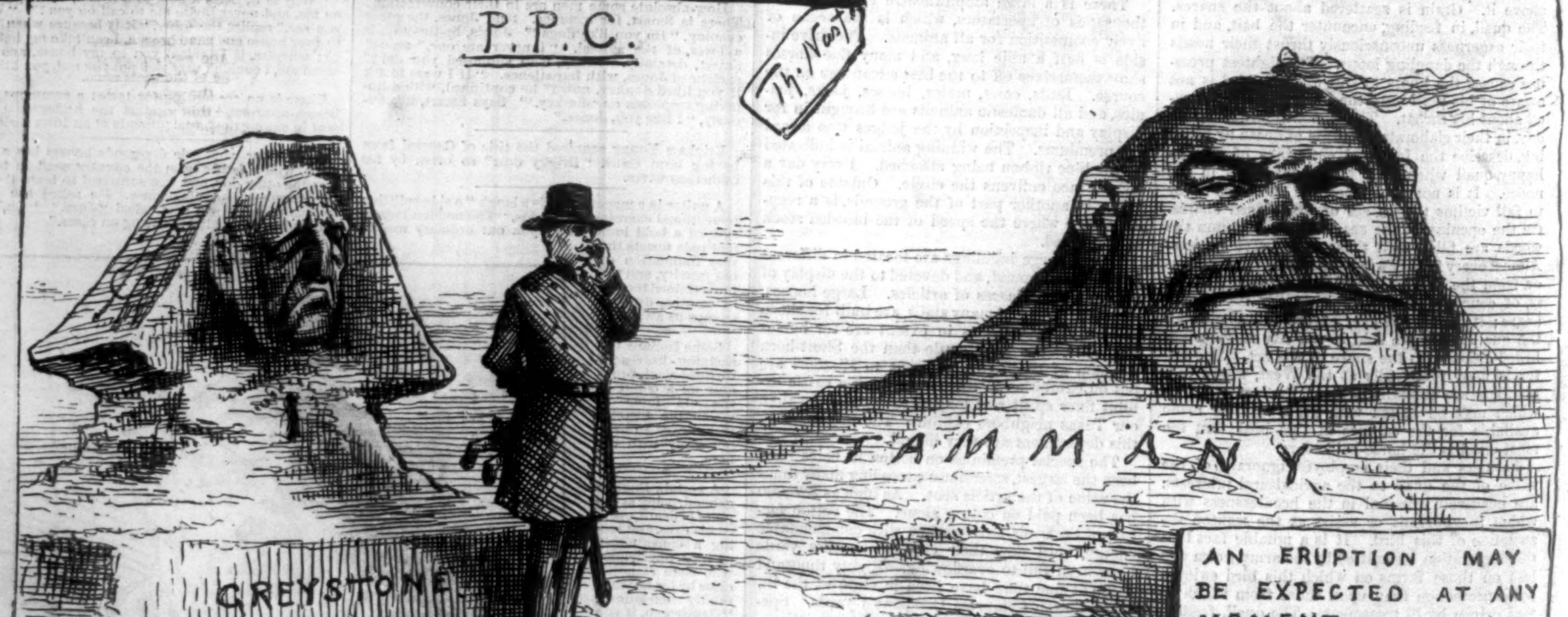
READJUSTERS
DEMOCRAT

"HARMONY(?)" THE KEY-NOTE

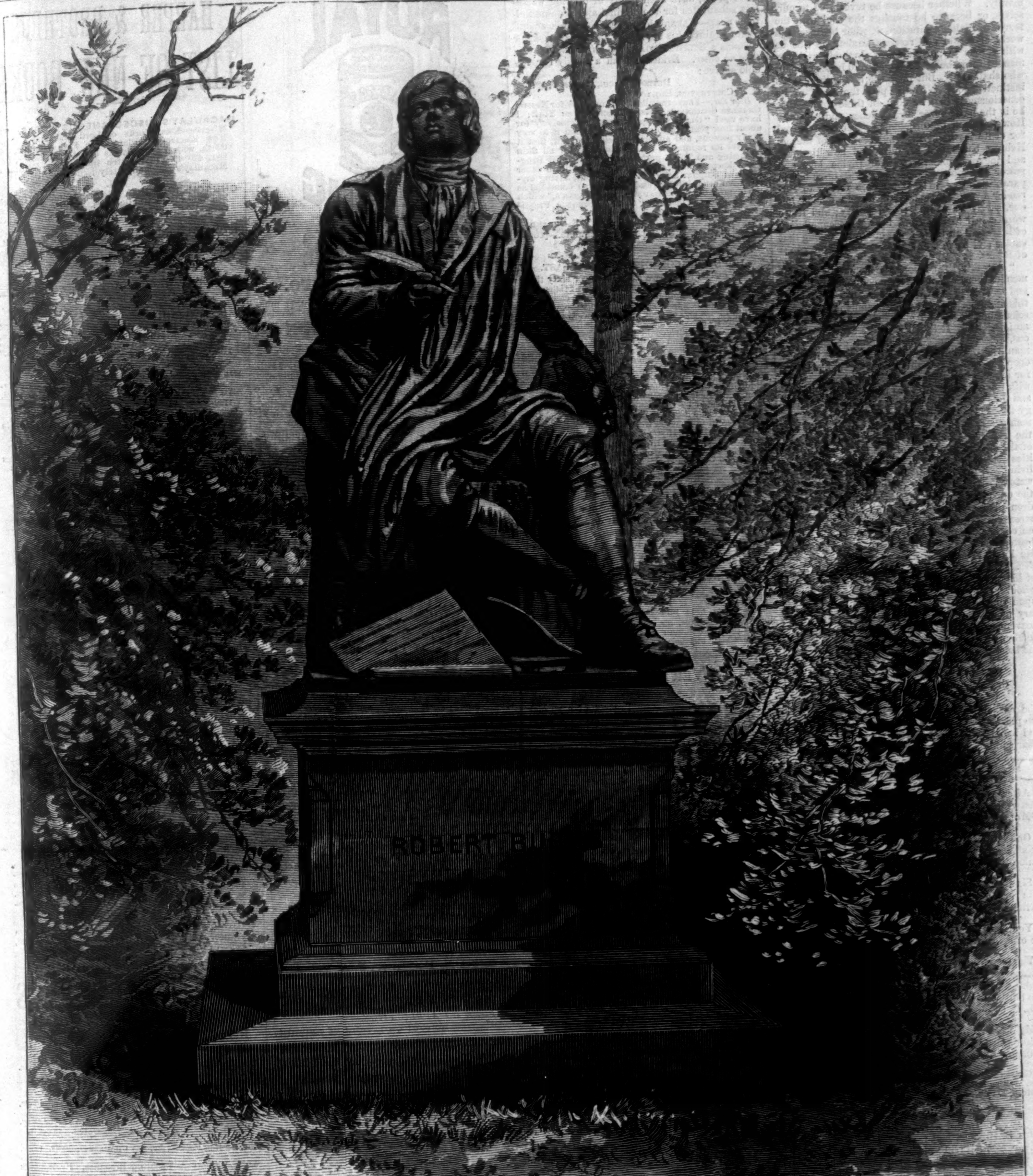
P.P.C.


Th. Nast
GREYSTONE
TAMMANY

AN ERUPTION MAY BE EXPECTED AT ANY MOMENT.

THERE CAN BE NO FUSION AS LONG AS THIS CON-FUSION LASTS.

SHALL THE MAN GO TO THE MOUNTAIN, OR THE MOUNTAIN TO THE MAN?



ROBERT BURNS—THE STATUE BY SIR JOHN STEELL, IN CENTRAL PARK.—Photographed by Pach

THE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The bronze statue of **Robert Burns**, by Sir **John Steell**, R.S.A., which recently arrived from Edinburgh, was unveiled on Saturday, October 2, in Central Park. It stands opposite the statue of Sir **Walter Scott**, by the same sculptor, and it represents the poet at the moment of the composition of the touching lines, "To Mary in Heaven." At his feet is a scroll, on which are inscribed the following verses from the poem:

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

"O Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?"

The first five words of the last line are hidden by the turn of the scroll. By the latter is a ploughshare, typifying the poet's daily avocation. **Burns** is clad in a high-collared, long-tailed coat, which buttons up to the neck, but is thrown open. Around it is wrapped a plaid, which passes over the left shoulder, around the back, under the right arm, and falls over each thigh nearly to the ground. About the poet's neck is a many-folded neckcloth. He wears knee-breeches of corduroy, the stockings are ribbed, and the low-cut shoes hobnailed.

The statue is nine feet in height, and stands on a fine pedestal of Aberdeen granite six feet three inches high. The base measures eight feet four and a half inches by nine feet eight and a half inches. At the four corners of the die are half-columns. The granite is richer in color than that from the same quarries which supports the **Scott** statue. In the front of the die are cut and gilded the letters "**Robert Burns**," and at the back is the inscription, "Presented to the City of New York by Admirers of Scotia's Peasant Bard, on the 121st Anniversary of his Birth."

The statue was unveiled in the presence of a very large audience, and Mr. **George William Curtis** delivered an oration on the life and character of the great peasant-poet. We quote the concluding paragraphs:

"In setting words to Scotch melodies **Burns** turns to music the emotions common to humanity, and so he passes from the exclusive love of Scotland into the reverence of the world. **Burns** died at the same age with **Raphael**; and **Mozart**, who was his contemporary, died only four years before him. **Raphael** and **Mozart** are the two men of lyrical genius in kindred arts who impress us as most exquisitely refined by careful cultivation; and although **Burns** was of all great poets the most unschooled, he belongs in poetry with **Raphael** in painting and **Mozart** in music, and there is no fourth. An indescribable richness and flower-like quality, a melodious grace and completeness and delicacy, belong to them all. Looking upon a beautiful human Madonna of **Raphael**, we seem to hear the rippling cadence of **Mozart** and the tender and true song of **Burns**. They are all voices of the whole world speaking in the accent of a native land. Here are Italy and Germany and Scotland, distinct, individual, perfectly recognizable, but the sun that reveals and illuminates their separate charm, that is not Italian or German or Scotch: it is the sun of universal nature. This is the singer whom this statue commemorates—the singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning, and sweet as its breath; songs with which the lover wooes his bride, and the mother soothes her child, and the heart of a people beats with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor, and console human sorrow, and exalt human life. We can not find out the secret of their power. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dewdrop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we can not know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves, or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration, whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man, who shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener, and consoler. How the faith of Christendom has been stayed for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of Divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem! If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry; and if we were called to lose from the vast accumulation of literature all but a score of books, among that choice and perfect remainder would be the songs of Burns.

"How fitly, then, among the memorials of great men, of those who in different countries and times and ways have been leaders of mankind, we raise this statue of the poet whose genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the state, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. Here, then, among trees and flowers and waters; here upon the greensward and under the open sky; here where birds carol, and children play, and lovers whisper, and the various stream of human life flows by—we raise the statue of Robert Burns. While the human heart beats, that name will be music in human ears. He knew better than we the pathos of human life. We know better than he the infinite pathos of his own. Ah! Robert Burns, Robert Burns, whoever lingers here as he passes, and muses upon your statue, will see in imagination a solitary mountain in your own beautiful Scotland, heaven-soaring, wrapped in impenetrable clouds. Suddenly the mists part, and there are the heather, the brier-rose, and the gowan fine; there are the

'Burnies, wimplin' down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang wi' hasty stens
Frae lin to lin.'

The cushat is moaning; the curlew is calling; the plover is singing; the red deer is bounding; and look! the clouds roll utterly away, and the clear summit is touched with the tender glory of sunshine—Heaven's own benediction."

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Grand Union Hotel, *July* 19, 1879.
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—[*Com.*] Of 32 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.

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—[*Com.*] H. Phoebus, Prop'r.

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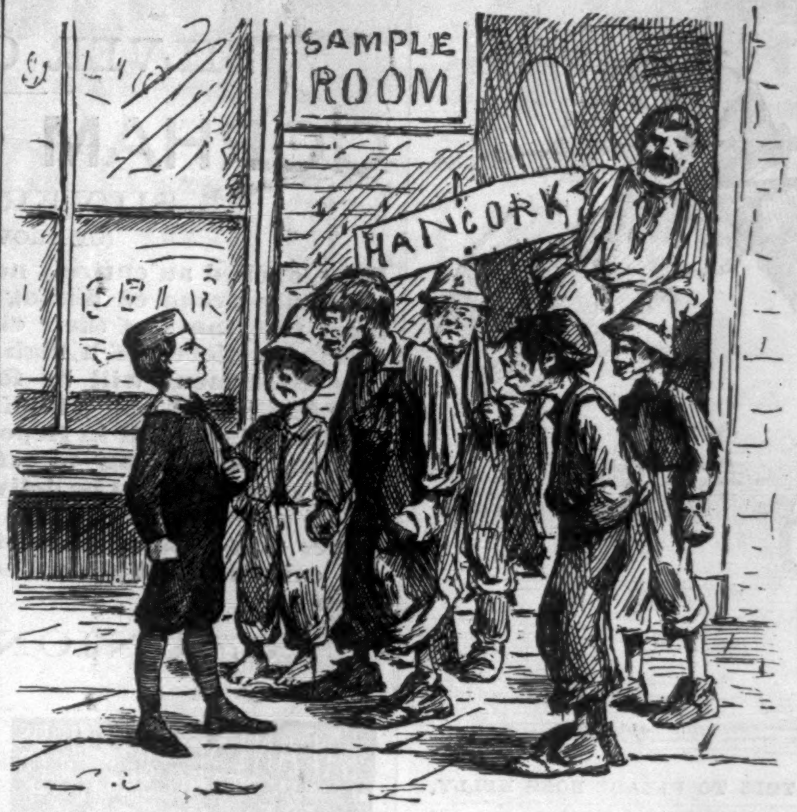

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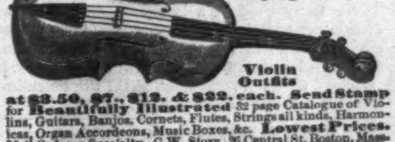

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